

THE HOME:

A Monthly for the Wife, the Mother, the Sister, and the Daughter.

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ELIZA COOK.

ELIZA Cook is emphatically the poetess of "the people." Born and reared among the middle classes, she has enjoyed the best opportunities for entering into their sympathies, and giving utterance to their emotions; and it is her glory, that she has always accepted with peculiar pride, the laurels which the poor have humbly laid at her feet.

There was little in the surroundings of Miss Cook during her early years to stimulate "the faculty of verse." Her father was by trade a calker, and resided mostly near London. She was the youngest of the

family by many years, and the pet nursling of her mother, who seems to have been a woman of rare strength and loveliness of character. It is probable that from her Eliza drew her noblest qualities. Of this excellent parent she was deprived by death when she was fifteen years old, and so strong was the band thus sundered, that the young survivor was for a long period quite crushed by the blow. Most affectionately and tenderly has she embalmed the memory of that mother in her "Old Arm Chair." It was to books and poetry that she turned for relief under the

double affliction of a desolate and uncongenial home. Her first verses were composed simply as an outlet to a burdened and overpressed heart. Verse was to her a natural and necessary mode of utterance, and she composed with remarkable ease and facility. Most of her poems bear marks of haste and carelessness, but it is doubtful whether she could have pruned and polished them without removing that freshness and impulsiveness which is their first charm.

Notwithstanding her admitted lack of cultivation and fine artistic finish, Miss Cook will always be beloved by those who prize the cordial unaffected outpourings of a warm and impassioned heart. Her generosity and nobleness of character beam from every page, and win her hosts of friends. We feel that she is one of those good and right noble souls to whom the tale of distress would never be repeated in vain, and that all her impulses are on the side of what is truest and most worthy in our nature.

"There is," says a critic, "a heartiness and truthful sympathy with human kind, a love of freedom, and of nature in this lady's productions, which, more even than their grace and melody, charms her readers. She writes like a whole-souled woman, earnestly and unaffectedly, evidently giving her actual thoughts, but never transcending the limits of taste and delicacy."

The downright honest fervor of Miss Cook will palliate many faults in her style, for which a more pretentious poet would be held to strict account. Our lamented Mrs. Osgood, who visited her many years since in London where she resides, describes her personal appearance thus:

"Eliza Cook is just what her noble poetry would lead you to imagine her — a frank, generous, brave, warm-hearted girl, about twenty years of age; rather stout and sturdy-looking, with a face not handsome, but very intelligent. Her hair is black and very luxuriant, her eyes are gray and

full of expression, and her mouth indescribably sweet. For several weeks before we met we carried on a playful, and, on her part, exceedingly amusing and original correspondence. Her letters are the most natural, spirited, off-hand and off-heart effusions imaginable. * * * * As our first meeting was rather a droll one, perhaps an account of it will amuse you. Miss Cook was announced one morning, when, unfortunately, our only reception-room — my husband's atelier — was occupied by a sitter. What was to be done? I must either deny myself, or receive her in the entry. I was far too eager to see her to do the former, so I seated myself with as much dignity as I could well assume, on the top stair, and desired the servant to show her up. She came. I told her gravely that the staircase was my drawing-room *pro-tempore*; and resigning, as courtesy required, the highest seat to my guest, I took the seat at her feet. In five minutes — thanks to the informality of her reception! — we were chatting as gaily and freely as if we had known each other for years." Her poems have passed through many editions, and her simple ballads are sung at American as well as English firesides.

In 1849 Miss Cook assumed the arduous duties of a journalist, issuing a weekly publication under the style and title of "Eliza Cook's Journal," — a name happily indicative of her very marked individuality. In this sheet our warm-hearted friend has sought to declare herself more plainly than she could in verse, and to turn her best energies into every progressive and elevating movement.

"The first active breath of nature that swept over my heart-strings," she says, "awoke wild but earnest melodies, which I dotted down in simple notes; and when I found that others thought the tune worth learning — when I heard my strains hummed about the sacred altars of domestic firesides, and saw old men, bright

women, and young children, screaming my ballad-strains, then was I made to think that my burning desire to pour out my soul's measure of music was given for a purpose. * * *

"I believe that all who work in the field of literature with sincere desire to serve the many by arousing generous sympathies and educational tastes, need make little profession of their service, for 'the people' have sufficient perception to thoroughly estimate those who are truly 'with' and 'for' them."

WASTED MOMENTS.

WE are ever wasting precious time. Every day adds many moments, wasted moments, to the catalogue of hours spent in chasing the "gilded butterflies of life," or following the hollow and fleeting vanities of a wicked world. Our time we should consider as a precious gift, to be accounted for in time to come; that and our talents are all that God in his wisdom gives us, and they should be improved—not wasted. When the gray hairs come, and we shall be looking through "the spectacles of old age," it will cheer and gladden our hearts to know that our moments here have not been wasted, but that in them that has been accomplished which has not only been of good to ourselves but also to those around us. To feel then that our days have been made use of in a good manner, and that we have not lived in vain, will be a precious thought.

Our time here is short at best; but in it we have very much to accomplish; for, blessed as we are with the rich gifts of mind and reason, much is expected and due from us. Yet, notwithstanding this, we waste precious moments, and laugh on in forgetfulness of our mission and its high duties, while each tick of the clock, beat of our pulse, and throb of our heart tells us we are so much nearer eternity. We rest, perhaps, too much upon the vain idea that at any time

we can make up for the hours, days, and even years spent in seeking self-gratification; that at some future period we shall love duty more than pleasure, and at some time, when, we hardly know, but that at some time in the dim, and to us unknown future, all is to come right, and the wasted moments are to be atoned for.

Time once lost can never be regained; and though after-moments may be ever so carefully hoarded, and in them much be accomplished, yet the hours misspent can not be made up; for moments wasted are like diamonds dropped into the depths of the sea—LOST FOREVER!

LUCY.

BUFFALO, *August*, 1857.

THE DYING GIRL'S FAREWELL.

BY MINNIMUS.

MAMMA, I'm 'going now, you know that I must die,
There's a cold sweat on my brow, a dimness in my eye,
But you are with me now, mamma, good-bye.

Angels are round me here, they stand close to my bed,
O, see them, mamma, dear! they're flying o'er my head,
And they are very near, mamma, good-bye.

Their singing is so sweet, ma, can't you hear them too?
Could I their song repeat, I would sing it o'er for you;
But my heart can scarcely beat, mamma good-bye.

There! they are taking flight, they beckon me away,
And those sweet angels bright, they will not let me stay,
But they're dressing me in white, mamma, good-bye.

Mamma, you must not care when I am gone, nor cry,
For, ma, you'll meet me where they take me in the sky;
But now I'm almost there, good-bye, good-bye.

August, 1857.

THE OLD MAID, AND THE WIFE.

BY ANNIE DANFORTH.

(Concluded.)

CHAPTER III.

"GOOD-morning, Mrs. Manley!" said Grace Harris, as she appeared at the door of the room where that lady was sitting, with a look of great perplexity upon her usually very cheerful face; "what makes you look so troubled? Is Kitty worse—is she very sick?"

"Kitty—oh no! she seemed quite well this morning. I was really frightened about her yesterday. I found her sleeping soundly this morning when I went to get her up, and thought I would let her rest."

"Yes; you seem very likely to let her do whatever she chooses; but come—what is the matter? You don't let that frown chase away the smiles for nothing." Mrs. Manley laughed cheerfully enough now.

"Why, you see, I am in a 'peck of troubles;' I can contrive no way to get out this tunic for Mary. The pieces are the sleeves of an old dress of mine. As usual I must manage to get along with as little outlay as possible. As husband says, 'every penny helps.' When that miserable debt is paid I never mean to trouble my poor pate to save in such a way as this. It looks really penurious."

"You will soon be in debt again if you carry all your threats of extravagance into execution. But let me see what I can do;" and Grace's more skillful fingers had soon adjusted the pattern to the silk, which by piecing neatly here, there, and elsewhere, was finally fitted into a nice tunic for Mary; and Mrs. Manley, talking all the time of the "debt," and what she should do when it was paid, set cheerfully to work to sew and trim the garment.

"Now I must kiss Kit and hurry home," said Grace, as she ran up stairs to little Kitty's room, where

she found her little favorite, a beautiful child of two summers, with her face distorted, and her hands and limbs cramping in convulsions. Mrs. Manly heard her exclamations, and tottered up stairs.

"Oh, Sarah! what shall we do?" cried Grace wildly; but in a moment she recollected herself, and forced her feelings to instant subjection, and in her usually calm voice and quiet manner she desired Mrs. Manley to heat some water as speedily as possible, while she did what she could to relieve the sufferer.

The mother did not move. Wild with affright she had sunk, pale and helpless upon her knees at the bedside. Grace flew past her to the kitchen, where she fortunately found a teakettle of boiling water, with which she prepared a warm bath.

"Mary, run for Dr. Lester," said she, as she hurried back to bring Kitty.

Half an hour after when the doctor came in he found the child sleeping in the arms of Grace, quieted by the bath and the drink which had been given it. Poor little Kitty went down to the very verge of the grave, and came back but a shadow of herself.

No hand but that of Grace, through all that weary illness, had bathed the aching limbs, or administered the healing medicines; and when the color came back to the once rosy cheek, and the patter of her little footsteps kept time to the music of her laugh, the rejoicing parents felt that to Grace, next to God, they were indebted for their now doubly dear pet and darling. Grace had only acted out the impulses of a kind heart, a heart rendered pure and true by following the example of Him whose mission on earth was "peace and good-will to men," and made alive to the griefs of others by its own sufferings. It was that which led her wherever sickness and death entered, and wherever sorrow of any kind spread its pall. Having no family cares of her own, she rejoiced to lift

part of the load which lay so heavy upon the shoulders of any mother. If little Jimmy was sick, Jimmy's mother must be released of the care of him that she might see to the wants of his brothers and sisters; and if when he was well again, his mother should be sick, Jimmy must be again cared for, that anxiety for him might not be added to her other sufferings. What was true of Jimmy, was true of Tommy the washer-woman's youngest boy, and of Charley, the noisy son of Esq. Frost. If any wept she mingled her tears with theirs, and if any rejoiced she added the sunshine of her smile.

Thus by scattering all around her kind acts, the offspring of a kind heart, Grace made her presence a welcome in almost every household. More than all she was the light, the blessing of her father's hearthstone. Death had gathered one branch and another from the family tree, until she alone was left to steady her mother's faltering footsteps, or lend to her father's eyes the light of a daughter's smile.

Four years had passed since the death of Robert Deming, and with them had carried the dense darkness of the cloud which at first enveloped her. To be sure she had all the time seen the silver lining, and sometimes, indeed often, streams of light had burst through and illumined the pathway she trod with unwavering trust and resignation. Time, as it always does, was slowly sweeping away the darkness which, notwithstanding all, could always be seen and sometimes felt. She had no hope, no wish that the memory of her early sorrow might pass from her; but when her thoughts turned, as they most often did now, from herself to the undimmed and glorious light which surrounded the loved and lost, she found appointed unto her "the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

More than one sought to induce her to lend the light of her countenance

to their homes, but she knew she had no right to assume the holy duties of a wife, for it would be doing sacrilege, since the love which could have made them blessed, she had no power to give. In Edward Heath, the pastor of the little church of which she was a member, she recognized the same earnest zeal, the same unshrinking trust, and ardent hopefulness which had characterized Robert. He, too, had sorrowed, for the idol of his young heart had been shattered. Sorrow had refined and elevated his character, and subdued his passions, and now he was an earnest worker in the vineyard of the Lord. They met often, for wherever want or sorrow called, they both hastened. He, too, was attracted by the gentle goodness of her character, and believing they might be more useful, and he hoped more happy, he endeavored to persuade her to become the sharer of his home. Her friends added their persuasions to his, and worldly wisdom, and sometimes the sympathy and kindness of her own heart made added pleas.

"You will probably be more happy, dear Grace, in a home of your own," said Caroline Lester, "and we all regard Mr. Heath as a most worthy man."

"You advise me then to try the experiment of marrying for a home, do you?" answered Grace, with a slight tinge of sarcasm very unlike herself. Caroline started and almost shuddered.

"Never, Grace, never, I pray you. Doors enough stand wide open to receive you, where you may enter and find a cheerful welcome."

"If ever it should become evident that I might make myself and others more happy, and render myself more useful by marrying, I shall do so; but never unless this should be very evident, returned Grace. "At present, I know that my parents need me more than any one else, and with them I shall stay. Even if at their death I should be left alone, I have no

fears for the future; so, dear Carrie, never again trouble me with a subject like this;" and Caroline looked over the pages of her own history and said no more.

* * * * *

"My heart shrinks from the thought of sparing you, my daughter," said her mother, "but you will soon be alone, for we are fast nearing the grave. I should so rejoice to see you the wife of such a man as Mr. Heath before I leave you. Surely his many virtues and his earnest piety must commend him to your highest esteem."

"To my highest esteem and friendship certainly, and were my love at the command of my judgment and will, to that also. But, my dear mother, while my parents live my place is at their side, and do you not know that 'when my father and mother forsake me the Lord will take me up?'"

"And do you never look forward shrinkingly to the time when the wants and weaknesses of trembling old age shall overtake you?"

"No, mother, for I have treasured up against that time this promise which will be sure not to fail, 'Trust in the Lord and do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.'"

"God bless you, my daughter! I leave you without a fear," said the reassured parent.

From this time the thread of life ran on so smoothly with Grace that in its history there would be little of interest. After a few years her parents were gathered to their fathers. The little cottage that had been their home, still remained to Grace, and here she lived peacefully but not alone. Old age and helpless, forsaken childhood often found here a refuge and a "shelter from the windy storm and the tempest." Here we leave her a living witness that the name of "old maid" is by no means a reproach, and that it is not necessary in order that a woman may be respected, beloved, useful, and even happy, that

she should, let the case be what it may, "GET MARRIED."

CHAPTER IV.

CAROLINE Lester had been ten years a wife, when we will take our next glimpse at her and her family. A boy of six years laughed and romped with a girl of four about the yard and house, and a babe of a few months slept in the cradle. The world still smiled upon them, and talked of their happiness, but if you could have looked in upon their homes of seclusion you would have seen what the world saw not. You would have blamed, but if you could have seen Caroline's heart you must have pitied. True, both suffered, but not alike. Alas for Caroline, she was an unloving, and worse still, an unloved wife. As is always the case, at whose door lay most guilt, lay also most sorrow and shame. Side by side they bore life's burdens, but neither touched with a finger that which rested upon the shoulder of the other. Dr. Lester was a man who needed more than most do, the restraining and rectifying influences of a happy home. It was the teachings and pious example of a loving mother which, in the days of youth and early manhood, had kept his feet in the path of moral rectitude, and had his wife continued the gentle influence, he would never have wandered far from the way. But since he lacked the controlling powers of religious principle within himself, when the outside pressure was removed, he stepped quickly from the straight road of strict morality. He had mistaken the whole tenor of Caroline's letter to himself before their marriage, and when he found out his error, he could not doubt that she had at least intended to be truthful in that, and determined to make the best of what could not now be helped. In her spasmodic attempts to break through the restraint and distrust which was growing up between them,

and to perform cheerfully the duties of a loving wife, he at first met her cordially and hopefully. But the efforts were all spasmodic, and he had gradually grown indifferent, and of late something not unlike repugnance was springing up between them. Occasionally Harry Lang crossed their pathway, and the meetings with him were invariably followed by days of fretful impatience on Dr. Lester's part, and not less fretful despondency on the part of his wife.

Of late this exciting cause of discord had been removed, for, after waiting until time and Christian resolution had banished from his heart the last vestige of his early love, and his affections had all centered upon one far more fit to make him happy, Harry had married and gone to make him a home among the flowering meadows of the west. Dr. Lester now spent little of his time at home. He had forsaken his profession, and entered into mercantile business and speculations in a neighboring city. There still existed two bonds of union between them. The first was their pride. Both shrank from the censure and pity of the world, and resolved that it should never know their secret, and each acted well the borrowed part. It was this that induced them to appear often in public. On all such occasions his attentions were assiduously polite, and were received with a smiling ease and grace that most effectually blinded the eyes of their acquaintances. It was this, also, more than any thing else, which restrained Dr. Lester from the intoxicating cup. He knew that men often under the influence of wine revealed family secrets, the memory of which made them blush, and he determined that the forbidden theme should never be taken unwittingly upon his lips.

The other bond between them was more worthy, and it required no acting. This was the love they both bore their children. Caroline was a more judicious mother than wife, and Dr. Lester lavished upon his children

the love and indulgences which they should have shared with his wife.

"I shall need twenty dollars to-day, James," said Mrs. Lester one morning, as they seated themselves at the breakfast-table, not far from the time to which we have referred.

"Which you can not have," he answered, as he coolly passed his cup for coffee. Caroline looked up angrily.

"May I be informed *why* I can not have the necessary funds to supply the wants of my family?"

"One would suppose the wants of your family were tolerably well supplied I should say. However, if you are suffering for a new piece of jewelry, or dying for a new bonnet, your wants shall be supplied as soon as I have the necessary amount to spare. I hope you may be enabled to survive until that time."

"Don't try to make yourself disagreeable, Dr. Lester. You know very well that I do not spend money needlessly, but since I am not to be trusted with so important an article, you will please send home a barrel of flour, a few pounds of sugar, a paper of tea, and one of coffee, and pay Bridget her month's wages before you leave town." Dr. Lester threw down the required sum, saying at the same time:

"I don't see for my part what makes our family so expensive."

"Your wife's extravagance probably. I'll take another piece of the steak if you please."

"The fact is I have more ways for the dollars than I have pennies. I must meet a heavy payment to-day, and I have no great amount to spare."

"Give up some of your silly speculations then. Money to spare or not, I am obliged to eat, and you and the children seem to be troubled in the same way."

"I don't think we could eat up fifteen hundred dollars' worth of food a year very well."

"Oh, no! your cigars cost something, and you paid thirty dollars for

your coat last week; and then your oyster suppers for your friends in town are no small item."

Before this speech was ended Dr. Lester had left the room, slamming the door after him. When he got fairly away from the house he felt ashamed, as he always did of these foolish brawls, and by way of setting his conscience right, sent home the flour and groceries.

The truth was he was not feeling in good-humor, and vented his ill-feelings at home as was usual with him. Although he had a large payment to make, he could easily make it, and he had no idea of restricting his wife in the use of money; but as he felt that the debt was somewhat unjust, and as it would prevent other business arrangements he had intended to make, this new call for money had vexed him, and he did not hesitate to show it. Caroline as usual, after he was gone, gave herself up to a fit of weeping, blaming herself some, but blaming him more, and making herself believe she was the most miserable of women.

The conversation which has been repeated was a pretty fair illustration of their usual private intercourse. There was one thing for which both were thankful. They were seldom alone in each other's society. Even in the presence of their children they maintained a respectful manner toward each other. As had always been the case, Grace was Caroline's only confidant, and before her feelings had subsided to their usual quiet, her friend came in.

"In trouble again?" said Grace, looking inquiringly to Caroline, after the usual salutations.

"Yes; my husband's ill-humor has taken on an entirely new phase this morning, and to make it relish I of course got angry, when one of those scenes followed which renders our domestic life so very agreeable," answered Caroline with haughty sarcasm.

"Oh, cousin! why will you make

yourself miserable, and drive your husband from you, instead of making your life at least tolerable, and attracting him by the gentle influence of kindness?"

"He never tries to make me happy. Are my obligations to him of greater force than his to me?"

"Probably not; but your obligations to do right are eternal, and you will never be able to escape them."

"I know it. I know too that I come shamefully short of my duty," said Caroline in an altered manner; "but if I should resolve to do right as I always do when you are with me, I should fail at the very first temptation. Ah me! we can not force the tongue to speak the words, and the hands to perform the acts of love, when the heart is not the prompter."

"When the heart learn the lesson of its own weakness and sin, it will look with long-suffering patience and kindness upon the faults of others. I have heard it said that there was a well of kindness and goodness far down in every human heart. Find it in your own, dear Carrie, and bring up draughts for your husband, and you will soon move the waters in his."

Other friends came in, and the conversation was interrupted, but Caroline's thoughts were busy with the past and future, and toward the future she looked forward with something like hope. The influence of Grace over her was always good, and Caroline was beginning to desire to imitate her conduct, and to profit by her teachings.

She saw clearly that it was in her power to make her home peaceful, though the golden moment when she might have made it happy had probably passed by, and her heart yearned to teach her children, especially her daughters, to avoid the quicksands and shoals where her own happiness had been wrecked, as also the many other dangers which lay thickly strewn around them.

That night a new sorrow overtook

her. Little Flora, the sweet child of four summers, her mother's idol, was taken suddenly ill. She dispatched a speedy messenger for Grace, and also for the child's father. Dr. Lester was nowhere to be found. Another physician was brought, and every effort that love could suggest or skill devise was made to save the life of the sufferer. But it was in vain; for when the father, breathless with haste, entered the sick-room the night following, Flora was dying in her mother's arms. Caroline, pale as the dying child, stretched her hands in mute appeal toward her husband, and for the first time for years he supported her in his arms, and their tears, mingling together, fell upon the dead face of her who was now an angel.

Sorrow for death softens the heart as can no other sorrow. We feel when we look upon what *was* a loved one, and is now as it were nothing, that God has been with us, as we feel it at no other time. There is no lifting up an arm against him, no triumph of passion then. Caroline remembered how her heart would have yearned for one look of recognition from the eyes now closed forever — one loving kiss from lips now still in death, which were denied her husband, and she wept for him. He thought of the hours of anxiety and sorrow she had endured alone, and his heart sympathized with her grief. This mutual pity could not but engender kind acts. Little Freddy's grief was so excessive that both felt obliged to exert themselves to comfort him, and thus, by the loss of what both had so tenderly loved, they were drawn more closely together, and more into sympathy than they had been since the earliest days of their wedded life. Caroline's eyes were now partly opened, and Grace was at her side to encourage and strengthen good resolutions, and direct her thoughts to right channels.

Now she began to look for guidance to the Source of all wisdom, and to adopt for her rule of practice

that faith which is "first pure then peaceable." No true domestic happiness was in store for Dr. Lester and his wife. Too long their thoughts and feelings had taken opposite directions, to run smoothly in the same channel. Habits of contention and reserve were too old and too firmly rooted to give way entirely. But domestic brawls were banished from their fireside. Dr. Lester perceived and appreciated the efforts of his wife to exchange her old habits of imperiousness and self-will for those of gentle kindness, and if he was not willing to make the same sacrifices himself that he saw her daily making, he could not but yield in some degree to her influence, and he became certainly a much better man.

It was only when death came again to his threshold, and took her from him, that he turned to the consolations and teachings of that religion which had been her guide in the later years of her life. Beneath the roof and under the teachings of Grace Harris the motherless children of Dr. Lester grew up to fill wide niches in the world of usefulness; and when, in their turn, they gathered families around them, Grace found beneath the shelter of their roofs the fulfillment of the promise, "Trust in the Lord and do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed."

AN ANSWERING WORD.

"Each fond wish of thy heart be thine" —

Is that thy hope?

Then let no wreath my sad brow twine,
But let me drink Love's holy wine
From her golden cup.

"Seek not to win the poet's name" —

I never sought:

On some few hearts a loving claim,
This — this is all I ask of Fame —
She grants it not.

"May friendship strew thy path with flowers,"

Then where is *thine*?

Its light would gild my darkest hours;
Yet go — I'll drink in *heavenly bowers*
Love's holy wine.

AMANDA.

LETTERS FROM QUIETSIDe.

V.

GIRARD, *April*, 1857.

IN the lonely hours which have been mine for many long months, the web of thought has been tinged—yea, marked deeply with sorrow's unspairing hand. You know, in part, dear M. . . ., the deep, deep griefs which have from time to time thrown their dark pall over my life-path, making earth's hopes so obscure, as almost to cast a shadow heavenward. Your ready sympathy has always responded to my troubles, even before my heart-cry was uttered. And yet, many and bitter are the sore trials of my life, which have never been surmised even by your kind, generous spirit. The Inspiration of Truth says, "Many are the sorrows of the righteous, but the Lord will deliver out of them all. This promise is for the righteous. Who are the righteous, is the thought naturally connecting itself with the assurance. The term righteous may characterize those whose lives are eminently free from guile—devoted to works of beneficence and usefulness. But this assumption is met with an inspired declaration, "There is none righteous—no, not one." The promise certainly has a meaning, for not one tittle of God's word shall fail of fulfillment. If it can not be claimed by the man passing respectably through life's sinuosities, it must belong to some other class.

"The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom. They that be wise unto Eternal life shall shine as the stars in Heaven." There is then a righteousness beyond that of the common morality, which makes a distinction between the honorable and the ignoble—the polished man of the world and him whose pursuits and pleasures indicate that he is of a coarser mold. The difference is not so much in the intrinsic quality of the sin, as in the mode of its presentation to "eyes and ears polite." This

righteousness, to be available, must be of a higher character than aught derived from earth. Its seat is in the heart illuminated with divine truth, and stored with the knowledge of God's law; fervently determined, with His help, to keep "the commandments of the law blameless." Renouncing all else, we must trust implicitly in the faithfulness of Him, who, by a life of suffering and an ignominious death, wrought out a righteousness sufficient to enwrap the whole world if they will accept the robe and wear it. This robe makes its wearers impervious, to a considerable extent, to the envenomed shafts of worldly sorrows. It is not to be supposed that they will escape many and great afflictions; for "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth;" and even scourgeth those whom he receiveth. But the blessed promise is, "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but in me ye shall have peace."

These, and many other considerations, based upon the same firm foundation, enable the sorrow-crushed heart to look beyond the heavy clouds which envelop this entire horizon, and say, "It is the Lord; let him do as he will; though he slay me, yet will I trust him." Then can we adopt the language of a great, though sometimes gloomy spirit, when he says,

"Oh, may I breathe no longer, than I breathe
My soul in praise to Him, who gave my soul,
And all her infinite of prospect fair;
Where shall that praise begin, which ne'er shall
end?"

This view lightens the soul of its burden, and so purifies its vision, that through a rarified medium it beholds afflictions as the bestowment of a parental hand—tokens of love; and we rejoice in the testimonial of His care for us.

"Sweet are the uses of adversity." Never struck "the sweet swan of Avon" a truer note, or one which touches a chord in every human heart—one which vibrates a unison. How are these uses sweet? In many ways. If carefully questioned, they respond that one use is to induce the

inquiry, why this particular trial has fallen upon us? Single-eyed attention shows us, that the rightful sovereign of our heart has been dethroned, to give place to some worthless object, in direct contravention of the command, "My son, give me thy heart." This adversity comes then as a reminder—a token that our insulted Lord still holds us in remembrance. Is not this thought sweet? Certainly it is. Then whence cometh this sorrow, and from whom? Holy Writ declares interrogatively, "Is there an evil in the city and the Lord hath not done it?" Instead of taking comfort from the assurance of a particular recognition of our affairs, by an Omniscient, Omnipotent Being, our faith is beclouded, and the heart-cry ascends, "Is it good that thou Lord shouldest despise the work of thine hands?" We feel that we can endure any thing that bears the impress of the Almighty Hand; but this grief lacks his signet; its savor is of the enemy of good. This may be true; but perhaps we do not fully realize that *all* things are under the direction of God, who is over all, and blessed forever.

The apostle says that "Satan goeth about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour." Doubtless he seeks his prey among the children of earth not less now than when the new-born world in its purity and loveliness aroused his malevolence and strong determination to subject it to his own iron rule. Nor can it be supposed that success in that magnificent plan, satisfied his hateful greed; his malignity is still directed against those who hope in God. If permitted so severely to try the patient and faithful Job, may he not still have the power to afflict under certain limitations? Every created being has his appointed work. That of the great Enemy is to affright and discourage the soul, seeking its rest in Heaven. To me it is rather a comfort to feel that afflictions are not a "shadow from the Eternal Throne,"

but that "the dark form of Satan comes between me and God's reconciled countenance." Sorrows are our trials; if sanctified, they are our mercies.

"Behind a frowning Providence
God shows a smiling face."

If troubles spring not from the dust, neither originate in the will of God to make us miserable, but are permitted that we may understand the subtle enemy that desires to "sift" us, let it impress us deeply with a sense of his malignity and great power over those who are finally surrendered to his machinations, and prompt us to a close scrutiny of our own hearts and their exercises under affliction. It becomes us to feel that He who permits trials, knows just what we need, and will, if looked to in faith, strengthen us to endure, until we not only feel resignation, but acquiescence also.

Having satisfied ourselves of the why, and whence of a sorrow, the next inquiry is, what "use" will we make of it? Shall we sink in despondency, or shall we implore help from on High to strengthen us for a conflict with an unseen, but powerful antagonist? We are encouraged to the combat by the assurance that "though heaven and earth pass away, not one jot or tittle of God's word shall fail." And has He not declared, that He "is nigh to all them that call upon Him in truth;"—"will fulfill the desire of them that fear Him;"—that "like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him; for He knoweth our frame, that we are but dust." Then, "Why art thou cast down, oh my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope in God; for I shall yet praise Him who is the health of my countenance, and my God." "Thou wilt show me the path of life; in thy presence is fullness of joy; at thy right hand are pleasures forevermore."

When afflictions have brought the chastened spirit to the foot of God's throne, is it not sweet to feel our

withered hearts rejuvenating under the genial rays of the Sun of Righteousness, until they say, "I will not fear; though He slay me, yet will I trust Him." "The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth; and in Him is everlasting strength." Walking in the light of His countenance, under the protection of His everlasting wings, our heart-song will be,

"Though troubles assail, and dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite,
There's one thing secures us, whatever betide,
His promise assures us, the Lord will provide."

The conviction that the direction of God is seen in all the events of life, does not diminish our obligation so to use them, as to exhibit a good, healthful influence upon the whole tenor of our life. It rather increases our responsibility. A sound thinker has said: "Two things are stated with equal clearness in the Word of God: sovereignty and responsibility. They seem opposed to each other, but I adore in silence. I see that man must be accountable, or he could not be judged. I am no less satisfied, that if he be not secured by Divine appointment, no one can be saved."

The great "use of adversity" then seems to be, that it forms a connecting tie between ourselves and the mighty Disposer of events. If sorrows tend to keep our hearts in the love of God, surely they are sweeter in their influence than all that earth can give without it. A close observer will perceive an obvious connection between events and their results, as truly governed by laws as that which shows the relation between cause and effect; though the eye of science may not have exposed their penetralia, and tested them by mathematical calculation. In these cases faith is the connecting link; and the humble spirit rejoices in the assurance, that hereafter all which now appears obscure will be explained.

"His Providence unfolds the book,
And makes his counsels shine;
Each opening leaf and every stroke,
Fulfill some vast design."

L'AMIE.

SPIRIT-WHISPERINGS.

BY RISTA.

IGNOR not, ye earth-born dreamers
Round the shrine of fancied joy;
Nought is there but gild and glitter,—
Frailty clinging to a toy.

Here, ye never quench your longings,
Ne'er suppress the hidden fire;
Never reach the heart's deep fountains,
Gushing forth from soul's desire.

'Tis no tale of Fancy's weaving,
Strung by golden tissued threads;
That this life has earnest breathing,
Floating round from mystic realms;

Deeper still than proud imaginings,
Often cast from favored scenes;
Truer, too, than glory's beamings
Are these upward flickering gleams.

What is earth with all her treasures,
To one ray of future light;
Where enshrined her gayest pleasures,
Lost amid this vision bright?

Yonder is each life unfolded,
Page by page in tracings deep;
Yonder every impress molded,—
All revived — no more shall sleep.

Who would know the infant visions,
Who, the range of childish thought;
Did no future's deep disclosures,
Light the shade that time has wrought.

Ah! ye deep'ning mystic glances,
How ye loose the fettered soul;
Every beam my hope enhances,—
Turn Desire for there's your goal.

Youth, proud youth, enrobed in brightness,
Are there joys that equal thine?
And thy soul-impassioned wishes,
Will they meet a fitting shrine?

Oh! ye castle-builders, listen,
Know ye where a fountain lies?
Where sweet youth fore'er is lasting,—
Where fond hope and joy revives?

Tell us if life be inviting,
Past the youth we worship now;
Will the skies with smiles be brightened
Still when age has marked your brow?

And will thought still melt in music,
Still be young and free to rove?
Will the heart still draw around it,
Links that e'er are strong through love?

Whisper on! my spirit whisper,
Dreams like these are flitting fast;
Soon thy hopes — thy ardent wishes
Bear their shadows of the past.

FLORIDA, August 1, 1857.

LIZZIE TALLMAN.

BY MRS. C. H. GILDERSLEEVE.

"There are thousands now
Such women, but convention beats them down;
It is but bringing up; no more than that."

"Henceforth, wherever thou may'st roam,
My blessing, like a line of light,
Is on the waters day and night,
And like a beacon guides thee home."
ALFRED TENNYSON.

IN the dim old forest that skirts the Canadian shore of Lake Erie, stood the solitary cabin of a hunter. Above it and around it the thick drooping branches swayed about each other, and braided their long arms so closely together that the sunshine scarce dimpled the open doorway of his hut, where a brown-cheeked girl sat with folded arms watching a tiny boat, through a narrow opening in the trees, as it rose and fell upon the silvery distance of restless waters. It was no uncommon sight, but some strange, half-dreamy spell was upon her, and her large brown eyes betokened a fanciful, rather than a curious interest in the far-off misty sail. It was a right regal day—one that cheats the overladen of their cares, and sends the spirit upward from its dreary toil, to sun itself in visions of the glorious Hereafter. Gorgeous Autumn had trailed his purple garments into the brown young winter, and toyed with its foliage of russet and gold, which clung so lingeringly and lovingly to the half denuded branch. The falling leaves were waltzing and coquetting in the fresh wind, and seemed in their frolicking chase to forget that the clouds were weaving a snow-shroud over them.

Lizzie Tallman's hands were still folded, when, an hour later, one of those sudden storms that come so closely upon such a day burst upon the water. The boat had scarcely moved from the position where Lizzie saw it first. There was no moving of oars when the wild storm struck the slender shallop, and hurried it toward the shore. The watching girl stirred not, save that her arms and hands grew rigid with the tightening

of the muscle, and the change in the velvety hazel eyes to a keen brilliancy much darker than their dreamy hue. Not once did the heavy lashes fall over them—not one word parted her closely compressed lips; but still as a statue, save the deep rising and falling of her bosom, hidden by the costume peculiar to the Canadian Indians. She had Saxon blood in her veins, but her mother's home was sunny Provence; and just such eyes as Lizzie's had warmed the cold blood of Edward Tallman, who relinquished home and friends for the love that looked out from their circean depths. He left his cold-hearted English kin, who refused their benediction upon his too easily won wife, and came to America. The love which he expected would brave any fate with him, grew exacting and complaining in the new home, and finally wore itself out of the heart of the husband, to spend its strength in selfish and useless repinings.

A year had scarcely passed, when he found himself with a helpless babe upon his bosom, and a little mound of his own smoothing under a tree near the door of his cabin. Whatever of remorse at his want of forbearance toward his wife lingered in his heart, took the form of tenderness for his child; and she grew beside him, and in his strong, warm heart, till his lonely life became not only tolerable but almost happy. He had educated her after his own fancy. To read and re-read the old authors he brought to be companions of his solitary home, had been their greatest pleasure; but to express their thoughts in conversation was a rare thing, and the use of a pen was unknown to the lonely girl. What use was that to her in her solitude? She could aim her rifle with an unerring hand, and ride her pony for days unwearied by the side of her father. To take her canoe out upon the water and let it rock hither and thither at the will of the waves, and fold her arms to dream, was the keenest enjoyment she ever

felt. She could swim from point to point of the outstretching headlands without feeling the least fatigue; but when her busy thoughts turned inward upon her own soul, and tried to comprehend the strange longings for other and higher human sympathies, her weakness lay heavily upon her, and her head bowed upon her bosom like a conquered spirit. Little save the excitement of a hunt, or a trial of oars upon the lake had chanced to stir the sleeping energies within her.

But the storm was now moaning around her, and the white foam rose higher and higher upon the shore, hiding at times the lone sail upon its heaving waters. She had been two days alone; for her father was visiting one of the inland villages to procure additions to their winter stores, and another day would probably pass before she could expect to see his face. Her eyes grew brighter and brighter until their gleam was almost wild, when she started to her feet and exclaimed, "Why don't the madmen reef their sail?"

Two or three bounds, and she stood upon a rock against which the waves were angrily dashing. A strange shadow fell upon her face, when she saw the only occupant of the boat sitting as she had done a moment before, with folded hands and a still paler face, looking toward the shore. She threw her hands aloft to get his eye, and pointed him to the rocks against which his little craft was speeding with alarming rapidity; but no sign was given back to the eager girl, and she cast off her heavy broadcloth tunic as if instinctively preparing to save one who would not save himself, and calmly waited for the moment he should strike the rock.

An instant more and the young man leaped from his place, and the current carried him landward, while his frail craft struck the projecting crag upon the side opposite the one from which he sprang, and dashed it in fragments. Lizzie saw the figure borne toward shore only to sink beneath the sur-

face, and the wave that held him receded again. Down from the rock she plunged, and battled with the angry waters till she held the dark wet locks of the drowning man closely in her hand, and then, with an effort and self-forgetfulness which would have given the crown of a hero to a man, this young girl gained the shore. She laid the exhausted man upon the grassy slope, and bringing from the cabin such remedies as she had, parted the still lips, and saw them quiver and give forth signs of life to her hopeful ministrations.

Scarcely had the large drops of rain began to fall when the echo of her name betokened her father's return. One call from the shore rang above the tempest, and a rapid stride from the cabin brought the strange occupant of the forest to their side. He gave a quick look into the eyes of his daughter, and then raising the still figure, bore him into the cabin. A warm fire brought back the frightened life to his eyes, and motion to his almost silent heart. Lizzie had given up her position at the stranger's side, and when Mr. Tallman saw the danger was over, he turned to his child, whose arms were again folded over her bosom, and her head drooping above them. He placed his dark rough hand beneath her chin, and raising her face so that her eyes were full upon his, said:

"Lizzie, my child—"

"I'm not a child, father," and a strange smile came to her face.

"Lizzie, my daughter, did you ever see that man before?"

"No, father."

"Never?"

"Never."

He raised her face a little more, and then stooped his lips to hers, and returned to the restless figure by the fire.

The voice came back to the sufferer before morning, and he told them his name was Paul Richmond. He said that he was the only survivor of a sailing party of young persons

who had left Detroit the day previous, and had been capsized by a squall, but that he, being unable to swim, had clung to the boat, and been once driven ashore on a small island which was uninhabited; he had righted his boat and tried to gain the main shore, but grief for his companions, and long exposure had made him so weak, that in a momentary unconsciousness he had lost his oars, and then in despair let his sail take him whither it would.

Lizzie never revealed her part in this fearful adventure even to her father, and Paul Richmond's proud spirit was saved the humility of thanking a *girl* for his life. He looked upon the forest maiden with an eye of pity, and a heart of tenderness for her lonely and almost friendless condition.

The storm hushed itself in the heavy snows which grew upward and upward, till the trees dabbled their arms in its crystals, and threw them up into the clear cold sunshine only to fall in diamonds upon the still clinging leaves. To go forth was impossible, and Mr. Tallman was only too glad to entertain one who could tell him of the great world, whose throbbing heart now pulsated with no loving memories of him. Paul found a strange satisfaction in filling the eager ears of the listening girl with his own great thoughts, and comprehensive views of the true and holy in human capabilities. He related the great and noble deeds of the every-day life of the earnest-hearted,—told of uncrowned martyrs and unrecognized heroes. He filled her soul with delicious reveries, as his deep, rich voice repeated the wondrous creations of the poet, with their dreams and realities. He told her of one with eyes dark as her own, weeping because she thought him lost to her earthly gaze forever. He told her of the great love that stirred his soul to higher aspirations and untiring devotions to the sacred duties of life.

How Lizzie's spirit grew in such companionship! How strong her

heart became, as he told her of a better life where the soul is not chained to an earthly tenement! How every trivial act was better done for his presence! Tell me not that woman's friendship with man may not ennoble both. I know that my story is spoiled for a great proportion of my readers, because Lizzie Tallman does not fall in love with Paul Richmond. How could she? She would have as soon wedded an angel with his wings plumed for Paradise as he, and yet her whole life took its inspiration from him. She blessed in her heart of hearts the woman who was to be his equal—his companion in life. True, the sunshine of the cabin went with him when he went forth, and when his lips touched her brown cheek at parting, she felt like one consecrated to a better life, although it was to be on that lonely shore.

Mr. Tallman had begun to grow restless, lest the interesting stranger should bear with him the happiness of his child; but when he saw how his home grew more and more beautiful under the hand of the once dreamy girl, his old cheerfulness came back to him, and he tried to make amends to the child for the lonely life they led.

A year passed away, and disease visited Lizzie's father. Hope died out of his heart from the first day he lay down upon his pillow, but his child, his only beloved one, how could he leave her alone? There was one—a hunter like himself, who lived a mile or two down the shore, whose honest, fearless heart had pleased him in the days of his strength, and to him his thoughts wandered as his only resource, for he knew that Phillip Germaine would treat his daughter with all the kindness his rough nature comprehended. He knew, too, that Phillip's eyes loved to follow Lizzie's lithe figure through the trees, and he had seen them flash fire when Lizzie's rifle brought down a deer, both their own had failed to reach; and seem better pleased than when his own hand

had done the deed. The first time Phillip came, the sick man took his hand in both his own, and with all his fatherly love in his soul, said :

"I shall die — and Lizzie —"

"Give her to me, Edward Tallman, and I'll never forget she was the last gift of a dying friend."

"Bless you, Phillip Germaine. Lizzie, come here. You know that I must die. You know that you will be alone, and I should rest easier if I knew that Phillip held a warmer place in your heart, than even your poor father does. May I leave your hand in his own, Lizzie?"

She had not looked toward either of them, but her eyes were gazing through the opening in the trees far out on the lake. No word uttered she, but after a moment's silence, she felt her hand laid in a strong, warm clasp, and a drop — was it a tear? — fall upon it. A minute of silence, and she drew away her hand and went down to the shore and held communion with the murmuring waters. What thoughts she had, what strong resolves to meet life's duties whatever they might be with an earnest spirit, was never told to mortal ears by the whispering waves, but when Phillip followed her and sat down on the moss by her side as he had never done before, she looked up into his face with an expression which said, "Whenever and wherever I am called I am ready to begin life."

A shadow lay upon her now, and he thought it was grief for her father, but 't will never pass till her spirit goes out into the sunshine of the great Beyond. Phillip brought the missionary which lived a long way down the shore, to see the dying man, and before he left, Phillip and Lizzie were man and wife, with but this stipulation, that she should be unclaimed as long as her father needed her care.

"He died and was buried," is the summing up of many a life, and so it was with the misanthrope, Edward Tallman. A woman's love for the conventional pleasures, rather than

the truer ones, made him what he was, and the same could be written of many, very many more. Oh! woman, woman! how little ye do with a will which rises above the world's opinion, or makes ye what ye might be — ministers of good.

Years passed away, and a larger cabin occupies the spot we left in our story. The trees are cut away from one side of it, and the little hillocks where the corn was grown betoken a busier life. Within the doors, children large and small are busied with one or another of the domestic productions of such a home, and such a place. The father is hunting as usual, but the heavy storm has kept the frail ones at home. The mother, with her large, dark eyes grown softer by the fountains of maternal affection beneath them, is gazing out again upon the waters and the quivering masts they bore. Memory is busy, and she thanks God for the only visitant that ever came over the tide to their humble home, and for a moment she looks about upon her children to see if the great thoughts she gathered, hoarded for them then, will make them as it did her, strong to do whatever her hands found.

Her eyes went back to the foaming lake, and as the distant masts bent to the wind, her young strength of limb came back again, and the same rock where she stood years before was under her feet in a moment. On, and on came the plunging vessel, with no hand to guide its almost arrowy flight. Shivering men stood clinging to the rigging, whose faces were white with despair.

"God help them and me," was all the deep voice on the rock uttered, but there was a resolve on the lip, and expression in the eye which betokened no sinking back to a woman's boasted timidity. The brig has struck, and the night is coming down upon them! The woman flung her loose garments aside, and as one after another wrestled with the waves, her arm brought them to the shore in

safety. Other ones of her new neighbors stood beside her now, and her voice gave them the courage to brave the storm with her, and save the dying men, till all were safe save one. He, the white-haired man, stood calmly on a portion of the wreck, watching his comrades in the hands of their rescuer reach the shore in safety. Who knows if his prayer did not shield the woman on that wild night?

She saw him, and her soul recognized her girlish evangel! How her eyes flashed out their determination as she exclaimed, "To save him, O God, is all I ask of Thee!" He saw her arm waving him to leap in, and as if her soul had telegraphed to his upon the mystic threads of spirit companionship, he obeyed, and her hand laid him the second time upon the slope before her door.

There was not much to say: a few tears — manly tributes of gratitude — a look of remembrance, and a promise to meet hereafter, they parted; he to bear the memory of one woman true to her holy plan and mission — true to her ministrations about the altar of home, and all unskilled in the *weaknesses* of fashionable women's lives, yet with a great heart which braved the wildest storm, and plunged undaunted where few of the sterner sex would dare to venture.

The world heard it, and wrote her name among its greatest heroines. It lauded her, and she accepted its laudations for her children's sake; but down, down in her soul's inner temple she shrines remembrances which are more precious to such a spirit as hers, than all the benisons of admiring thousands, or the testimonials of kings. The teachings of Paul Richmond had been a life-long blessing — what other need had she?

Remember, ye who drink deep at the fountain of wisdom, that there are thirsty souls, to whom one drop given in love will sweeten life's whole goblet of the waters of *Ma-rah*.

A SCRIPTURE SCENE.

BY MRS. A. C. JUDSON.

'T WAS in a grave-yard — there were mounds
of earth,
Sepulchral stones, and monuments, that
bore
Inscriptions of the dead. Shadows were
there
From cypress, yew, and lonely sycamore;
Deep, solemn shadows, whether in the day,
Or by the moon's pale light; 'twas the
abode
Of silence most profound.

There stood a group
Of weeping ones around a new-made grave;
Two lovely sisters, clad in mourning weeds
Bewailed a brother, whom they truly loved
With all the tenderness of woman's heart.
Alas! how lone, and sad; and sorrowful!
Yet still they had a Friend on whom they
looked
With trustful hope, inspired alone by grace;
They knew and felt that He possessed a
power
High as the throne of heaven, and a faint
dawn
Of some bright vision seemed e'en then to
inspire
Their hearts with solace.

They drew near the grave,
Whereon was laid a stone. He gave com-
mand,
And it was borne away. The voice of prayer
From that pure, holy One arose on high,
And faith triumphant entered in the veil,
Drawing the arm of th' Eternal down.

A voice then pierced the silence of the tomb,
"Come forth!" in tones like the archangel's
trump.

The dead awaken'd — he arose — came forth,
Clad in the grave's habiliments — the same,
The very same who once had bless'd their
sight;

There now he stood — that brother well be-
loved,

In life and health again; and when unbound
Could greet those sisters with a fond em-
brace,

And with them go to gladden yet their home
That had for days been clothed in dismal
pall.

Amazing power! that can unlock the tomb,
And send the life-blood glowing warm through
veins

That had been frozen — wondrous skill, in-
deed!

Yet Jesus has it, and has boldly said:

"I am the Resurrection and the Life."

All in their graves shall hear that solemn
voice,

And come forth from their lone sepulchral
homes,

The righteous shining in immortal youth,
As stars in brilliancy, to die no more.

BESSIE MASON.

BY MISS MARY J. CROSMAN.

THE widow Mason lived in a small, brown house at the foot of a hill, whose gently sloping bank was studied with maples of half a century's growth. East of the house lay the garden, through which ran a bright stream of water, inhabited by numberless shiners and speckled ace; while beside the stream stood a large willow, whose drooping branches sheltered a rustic bench at its trunk.

Mrs. Mason had four children; the eldest were boys, and by dint of labor and close management she had finished paying for her farm, and had in view another piece of land to be added thereto, "when the boys got bigger." The girls had their share in the labors appointed, and though it was only by little savings that their efforts were measured, they were none the less wearisome. Lucinda, or Cinda as she was generally called, had received in addition to her mother's name the transmission of her spirit to a good degree, and though two years younger than Betsy, she was always more successful in her management and daily duties. Betsy had a love for the willow tree, for the music of the brook, and golden sunsets seen from the brow of the hill. When allowed an hour of leisure, she was sure to resort to her shaded seat with knitting-work and Sabbath-school book, forgetful of weariness or care till reminded by a voice from the house.

Mrs. Mason had no eye for beauty, but was a rigid utilitarian both in theory and practice; no day was so peaceful and dreamy that she would not have turned the world into a hurried work-shop. Had Mr. Mason lived, Betsy would have enjoyed that sympathy and love which her nature craved. But he was called away early, and Mrs. Mason said that there was "nothing for sorrow like keeping the hands busy;" so, on the whole, she managed to shed very few tears. She thought it was very fortunate for

her and the children that she could control her feelings so well, and her philosophy was so broad and her mental acumen so shallow, that she wondered the children could miss their father so much.

Betsy and Cinda differed in their tastes whenever the question of "profit or pleasure" was involved between them; but as Betsy's preferences were considered profitless and unreal, they were generally set aside for Cinda's wiser suggestions. Though one spring, when Mrs. Mason gave them each a garden-bed, and Cinda set hers all out to the kind of onion that brought the highest price in market, Betsy persisted in reserving a part of hers for some choice flower-seeds a neighbor had given her. The flowers grew finely beside their fragrant neighbors, notwithstanding the many denunciations which were pronounced against them.

On the afternoon of a pleasant day, when in their full beauty, a carriage halted at the gate, and a gentleman came in to know if he could purchase some of those flowers in the garden.

"Oh, yes!" said the widow; "I'll call Betsy; they're her'n."

The lady in the carriage was fatigued from a long ride, and came in to rest. Cinda brought some pears of a delicious flavor, and Betsy, in the mean time, gathered a boquet, to which several unseen corners had contributed largely.

Upon a road so little traveled, the event of the afternoon was quite important, and was duly discussed at the supper-table. Each one expressed his opinion of the travelers, the widow being sure "that if they were rich they was mighty foolish to throw away their money for posies."

It was long that night before Betsy could shut her eyes against the visions that flitted before her, but the next day they had all fled, and the only traces left behind were a dull headache, and stronger yearnings for something beyond and above what she possessed. But there were no

idlers in Mrs. Mason's house, and she hastened from one piece of work to another, as if her mind had been there also.

As the autumn advanced, Betsy had leave to attend the village school during the winter term, as her brother John had offered to pay her tuition. She toiled on rapidly with this new hope before her, though its realization brought many little unthought-of annoyances: her home-made flannel seemed coarser, her shoes heavier, and her hands larger than ever before. Nevertheless, if her homeward walk was sometimes sad, it was oftener joyous, for she had won the friendship of her teacher, and proved herself an apt scholar in whatever she undertook.

Another summer came bringing its usual routine of labor to the inmates of the little farm-house. One day in harvest time, Betsy had gone to her wheel after dinner, when Cinda made the announcement that they were going to have company, for she had "dropped her dish-cloth twice." For once her prophecy proved true. Before the sun went down, her uncle John Mason and family had come from their home, thirty miles distant, to make their annual visit at "sister Lucinda's."

Mr. Mason was a village pastor, of benevolent, open-hearted nature, always aiming to benefit those around him spiritually or otherwise. His wife, too, was so kind and lady-like, so winning in her manners, that Betsy especially was always delighted with their visits. The next day when Mr. Mason and his wife were alone, he said to her confidentially:

"I'm resolved to have a plain talk with Lucinda. She is out of debt, and has money besides, yet she is doing neither herself nor family justice; her motto is, work, work, for the sole purpose of getting rich. Poor brother Henry; I have sometimes thought it was a kind providence that his last illness was brief; God grant that my pledge to look after his children may

never be forgotten. But, to come back to the present; look about you, Mary; there is scarcely a line of reading in the house, excepting an almanac, or a borrowed newspaper; see, too, how she spends her Sabbaths, walking about to see if things are in order, and recruiting a little for Monday's service. Don't you think we could do something for Bessie? she is at the right age now, and has naturally the best intellect among them; though John would have made a fair scholar, to have commenced younger. Peter, however, and Cinda, as they call her, seem contented with their sphere."

"I'll tell you, husband; how would it answer for Betsy to come out and stay with me awhile? If you should have a few pupils, she could enter some of the classes, and I could teach her, too, myself; perhaps she could assist me some about the children, or take off a little care in some other way; but you must do the talking, and I'm glad you have so much faith," she added, with a smile which bespoke doubt on her own part.

The pastor read another version of "the parable of the sower" in the leaf of humanity before him; for there had been seed sown upon the widow Mason's heart, which should have already brought forth fruit, some thirty and some sixty fold.

By the garden-fence the next day, Mrs. Mason was enjoying an agricultural *tete-a-tete* with her brother-in-law, pointing out various fields, and their probable income, referring to advanced prices, new plans, etc., her manner growing more animated as the vision of net profit enlarged and brightened in the autumnal distance.

"Yes, yes, sister," interrupted Mr. Mason, "you are doing fairly in this respect; but I want to find a little fault—you know I always was frank;" and then, with earnestness beaming from his eye, he told her of the three-fold nature and its varied wants, charging her in his kind manner, of fettering the moral and intellectual,

and bestowing her highest care upon that which would perish first.

Mrs. Mason tried to prove at first that she stood on Scriptural ground, her position being, "Whatever thy hands find to do, do it with all thy might."

"And is this all the article in your creed?" asked her brother, remembering the comprehensive volume from which she had drawn but one idea.

"Why, no; there's another passage—'Be ye diligent in business,' or something like that."

The minister could but smile at the illustrations of the wise man's teachings before him. At last, however, his point was partially gained, for Betsy had the promise of coming after the fall's work was done, to spend the winter in his family.

Early winter found another inmate at the parsonage. Surrounded by new influences, Bessie, as her aunt called her, was fast adding to her stock of mental knowledge. Her manners were being molded by another pattern, and her blue eyes never sparkled brighter beneath their long lashes.

It is a gladsome thing to know that our feet are firmly placed on the stepping-stone that leads upward, and though the way is sometimes toilsome, and the acme of our hopes far distant, yet it still gives joy.

The spring-time dawned, bringing its luxuriant wealth of sunlight and foliage to beautify the earth. At the close of a summer's afternoon, as Bessie sat under the portico framing a wreath of early flowers for the brow of little Cora, she looked up at the sound of wheels, and saw a home-like load making a curvature for her uncle's gate. There were her mother, and Cinda, and John, the former looking anxiously at Bessie with her keen eyes, for she "expected to find her spilt."

The next morning saw the widow astir early, gathering together Bessie's clothes, and making other arrangements for a speedy departure, as the

business at home was so pressing. Bessie was a little sad-hearted, but aunt Mary was to correspond with her, giving advice relative to her studies, and in due time press the invitation for her return.

"When Bessie gets a little older there will be no trouble," said Mr. Mason to his wife, as the wagon drove away, "for then she can teach some, and Lucinda will not feel that her time is wholly lost."

At home Bessie returned to her old routine of duties, happier than ever before. She was ambitious and sprightly, and so cheerful and willing that her mother noted the change with surprise, but could not appreciate the moving spring, or understand what sweetened her toil. Bessie's flowers now brought her new enjoyment, for by the aid of her aunt's botany she could classify and arrange as well as love and admire them; then she was to gather and press for an herbarium, to be made at a future time.

The next winter Bessie returned to her uncle's, resuming her studies, taking lessons in painting, etc.; and the ensuing summer she taught a juvenile class of pupils, still boarding at the parsonage.

* * * * *

Six years in their passing have brought about many changes, that, had they been wrought in a night, would have seemed a marvel; but coming about with a slow and sure progress, modifying instead of suddenly transforming, their advent had been less conspicuous.

Widow Mason is the same angular-featured, far-seeing woman, but her heart is larger, and her ambition higher than ever before—though the inclination of the tree still shows which way the twig was bent.

Peter married and left home; so his mother concluded she had land enough for the present, and instead of purchasing more, had built a snug, tidy house, which nestled like a white dove

under the spreading trees of grove and lawn.

Cinda was a tall, slim girl, an enlarged edition of her mother both in heart and head. She had a fine voice for singing, which, through Bessie's influence had been well cared for.

John, the favorite brother, now worked the farm, and was ready to assist Bessie in many ways; nor was she forgetful of his comfort, as many a tempting lunch and glass of summer beverage, which she had carried to the field where he worked would testify; besides, she ministered to the mental as well as the physical, in numberless happy ways.

Bessie was now a young lady of twenty; she was of medium height, fair complexion, regular features, and dark, brown hair. Her appearance was really prepossessing—at least, so a young engraver in the village thought. Her warm heart had gathered within its sphere a choice selection of friends, who justly appreciated her love and virtues. She had plans of self-improvement, of charities and industry, while her pets and flowers could not be denied their care.

There was one drop in Bessie Mason's cup which had a sweetness peculiar to itself—it was that by perseverance and self-exertion she had attained her pleasant, useful position, and had still higher hopes, and nobler aims to be realized, under the auspices of a kind Providence.

INCREASE IN THE COST OF LIVING.

THE decision of the leading hotel-keepers of New York to raise the price of board foreshadows a small social revolution. Of all the consumers of edible commodities the hotel-keepers are the largest, and consequently the first to feel a fluctuation in their market price. But their interest is so plainly identified with the cause of cheap living, that it may be taken for granted they would not

throw impediments in the way of the extension of their business, by an increase in the price of board, were it at all possible to thrive without it. The inference is obvious; the expense of living is twenty per cent. higher than it was three years ago, when the present hotel rates were established.

It becomes us, as sensible people, and not wedded to this or that intractable theory, to give some sober thought to a phenomenon which is vital to four out of every five families. An increase of twenty per cent. in the cost of living means a prodigious amount of suffering and privation among the poor. It involves retrenchment among a large class of persons with fixed incomes, who have been accustomed to conveniences which must now be dispensed with. It implies, for instance, an alteration in the plans of many fathers respecting the education of their children.

The period which elapsed between 1842 and 1851 was one of the happiest and best in the history of this country. Thanks to the shock of 1837, caution and moderation were the rule of commerce, and a prudent economy the maxim of social life. The country did a sound, profitable trade; and individuals, as a rule, lived within their incomes. After 1851, when the yield of California gold became tolerably certain, the rapid rise of fortunes effected a change. Men whose highest aspirations had never exceeded the acquisition of a modest competency, found themselves on the high road to the rank of millionaires, and the public at large shared their sanguine hopes, often without sharing their prospects. A capacity to export fifty millions per annum in bullion enabled the country to import fifty millions more of foreign dry goods and luxuries. The sudden influx of population in California opened a new and immensely profitable market for the Atlantic states. What with these two causes—increased production of money, and increased

demand for produce — the profits of trade were vastly enlarged, and every kind of enterprise received a startling impetus. Building was prosecuted on a princely scale. Railroads were laid out and constructed with a large profusion, of which the world had seen no previous example. Manufacturers, industry, internal communication, agriculture, were all developed as if by hot-house pressure. The country has made more progress, as a whole, since 1850 than in any twenty-five years before that date.

This is the bright side of the medal. Let us look at the reverse. Sudden fortunes and speedy gains bred rash expenditure and thoughtless extravagance. Families which were esteemed liberal with an expenditure of three thousand dollars, before 1850, now spend ten thousand dollars without compunction. People in "our best society" can not live under twenty thousand dollars a year. How much of this goes for silks, satins, fine wines, yachts, costly furniture, idle days at Saratoga, and such waste, every reader can estimate for himself. Hence a general wastefulness, stretching from the apex to the base of society, and a morbid demand for commodities which ought never to be needed in a community like ours.

But there is another point to be considered. Within the last seven years over six hundred millions of dollars in gold have been added to the currency of the world, partly by California and partly by Australia. Economists differ widely in their estimate of the currency of the world; perhaps a majority of the most reliable among them admit that the amount of gold added since 1850 is equal to one-fourth the total amount previously in circulation. Now as gold has been adopted, by common consent, as a measure of value, it follows that if you increase the quantity of gold in use, every commodity which is usually exchanged for gold must increase in value in proportion. If land is worth five dollars an acre when the

quantity of dollars in existence is \$2,000,000,000, it will be worth six dollars and twenty-five cents when the quantity becomes \$2,500,000,000; and so on with houses, rents, labor, bread-stuffs, groceries, and every thing merchantable. We have said that twenty-five per cent. has been added to the quantity of circulating gold since 1850; it follows that the price of every thing that is exchanged for gold is, or ought to be, twenty-five per cent. higher now than it was before 1850.

There are those who pass over this branch of the subject, and dwell wholly on the prevailing extravagance and expansion of public and private credit to account for the present increase in the cost of living. These reasoners expect a financial revolution, similar in character to that of 1837, to set all straight, and bring matters to their old level. The facts hardly bear out this view. Until the production of merchantable commodities has increased so largely as to balance the increase in the medium of exchange, prices can not fall to their old level. If the production of gold falls off, the value of the metal will rise, and that of its representatives in merchandise will fall. Undue expansion in the shape of State, railway, banking, and mercantile credits, will rectify itself by individual collapses. Rash speculation in real estate corrects itself every few years. Extravagance breeds individual ruin. But so long as California and Australia continues to add a hundred millions a year to the circulating medium of the world, we have no faith that any local or temporary revulsion will make living permanently cheaper. — *Harper's Weekly*.

INDUSTRY.—Industry will make a purse, and frugality will give you strings to it. This purse will cost you nothing. Draw the strings as frugality directs, and you will always find a useful penny at the bottom.

HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE.

BY MRS. C. A. HALBERT.

THE first imperative claim which duty makes upon the mother and mistress of a family is to provide for the *material* wants of those over whom she presides. Reason as she may on the superior elevation and value of the *souls* of her children, and the comparative worthlessness of their perishable bodies, she is made to feel by long and patient waiting on their feeble infancy, when intelligence has scarcely begun to work, that God attaches great dignity to the frail tabernacle which holds an immortal spirit. It would seem as if He who joined mind and matter together in such matchless fashion that no human alchemy can separate them—who bade the bodily pulse throb with each quickening thought, would teach us thereby not to divorce in our presumption what He by his Divine chemistry has joined together.

Could we behold that beautiful vision which once brightened Paradise—a *perfect human being*, spotless of all hereditary taint or debasement, perfect in feature, form, gait, and every physical attribute, unperverted in appetites, and gladly obedient to all the laws of health, how devoutly should we join in the benediction which Jehovah pronounced upon the crowning work of creation! Who, looking upon such a creature, as he moved about in the rejoicing exercise of all his powers, would not turn in dismay to the pallid, misshapen, stunted men and women who now people our earth? What a gulf between Milton's "Adam" and ourselves! Who knows but the "wise men" of coming ages may have to "search diligently" the generations of the sons of men, to make sure that the crest and arms of Eden's lord are really theirs?

Here then—and it is the grandest of all material aims—is what every mother to whom God has committed an immortal trust, should propose to herself: to build up for that child a

perfectly sound and vigorous body; to eradicate from its constitution any of those hereditary stains which one generation so cruelly bequeaths to the next, and put it in the best possible physical state for a long and joyful life. Doubtless she owes her child vastly higher duties than those of nurse and health guardian, but these, as they are first in the order of time, should run parallel with all others through the whole term of parental protection. The wise mother will not limit her watchfulness to the first years of childhood. It is not enough to say to the careless daughter who would expose herself to the night air or damp ground without sufficient protection, "My child, you will one day be sorry for this." It is her duty to see, by authority, if needful, that she is *not* sorry.

But how shall she who stands sponsor in such a fearful manner for the physical well-being of her offspring, assure herself that her most anxious efforts will be crowned with success. How shall she who has not herself been taught the way, nor made to walk in it, guide the footsteps of the little pilgrim who clings to her hand? Many a woman enters upon maternity without as much study or preparation as she bestows on a new style of fancy work. She seems to think the management of children comes by intuition, and receives into her arms that exquisite and crowning wonder of Heaven's mechanism—that little waiting bundle of nerves and muscles, of wants and sensibilities, as if it were a clock or automaton. When she discovers that it is so frail that a sunbeam may smite it into blindness, or a breath of wind may puff out its feeble life, she begins to feel that some tuition was needful before assuming such a charge; that it demanded of her something beyond the dowry of fine linen, and the show of rare and curious needle-work on which her loving hands had wrought for so many months. Is there not to the expectant mother a beautiful

intention in that long period in which she waits her appointed time? As, day by day, she drops down the perilous and returnless current, and the world grows dim behind her, she should not suffer her restless thoughts always to hover like birds of omen over the solemn hour of great expectancy, when the cup of life may drop suddenly from her lips, or fill with a new and richer wine.

In the silence of her retirement, other thoughts than forebodings, other cares than the preparation of a costly wardrobe should occupy her. How priceless those quiet hours might be made, not only in schooling the spirit for its immortal trust, but in learning how to take care of an infant, and how to initiate it into the rough world of smiting cold and blinding sunlight. Let her, as she must answer at the great day not only for the care of the soul, but also the body of her child, study the anatomy of its little frame, its life-movements, its relations to the outer world—to heat, air, light, and food, how it should be dressed, bathed, and handled; in short, how it may be most soundly and perfectly developed.

By a thoughtful study of the *principles* which govern health, she will be able to form stable opinions of her own. When little emergencies arise, as they often do in the infancy of every child, she will not be tossed by every wind, or run to each neighbor for advice, nor accept without question the dictum of every "experienced nurse" who prescribes her infallible nostrums. Who like the young mother needs to possess her soul in great *quietness* and *knowledge*, lest in her anxiety and self-distress she sway from one confident adviser to another, and the wondrous little mechanism which God made so fair and so frail, is spoiled by too much meddling.

But knowledge is needed in the kitchen as well as the nursery. The whole culinary art rests on chemistry. With its twin sister, physiology, it tells us how to select our food, how

to cook it, when, and in what manner to eat it. They show us how to warm and ventilate our apartments, economize our fuel, illuminate our rooms, store our larders, choose and cleanse our garments. Evidently, then, the study of these sciences has a direct bearing on household comfort, health, and economy; and if any one should understand their application, it should be the mistress of a family. She may study the nebular hypothesis and the theory of the earth's crust if she chooses. Nobody will quarrel with her for reading Plato. But she can dispense with these, however enlarging and refining in their influence, without any detriment to the physical well-being of her household. If she must limit her attainments, let her not begin with these which have the most direct practical aim.

Does the task of self-education seem difficult, especially to her whose path in life has lain remote from the pleasant fields of knowledge? Let her remember that it is the *resolve* that is hardest—the breaking up of old, indolent habits of mind, and starting on a new, untrodden track. Let her once set to work with energy and resolution, and it is astonishing how soon the way will brighten before her. Old trains of school associations will join their dis severed links; definitions and principles seemingly buried in forgetfulness will come up as stepping-stones in her path, and, she who commenced the "pursuit after knowledge" as an irksome, enforced task, will proceed with cheerful alacrity. But because she has diverged from the beaten track of her sex, let her not nourish illusions. It is only now and then by rare circumstance or peculiar endowment, that a Somerville and Caroline Herschel attain scientific eminence. What infatuation pitiable as that of the mother using the poor crumbs of science she may pick up for no higher purpose than to feed her own ignoble vanity! It is the *end* she

proposes—to make home a fitter place for the pupilage of immortal beings, that dignifies her studies.

Does some weary daughter of toil complain, "Pleasant talk this for her who sits in her easy chair, while her babe is dandled on the lap of a nurse; preach to her—let her study and experiment. As for me, the kitchen is my dwelling-place. I bake, wash, and scrub, as my mother taught me, ignorant whether it be the hardest or easiest way. I have neither time nor heart for books and study. Work, work, work, early and late, waking and dreaming, is the burden of my thoughts. I have had my little illusions and aspirations, but they left me long ago. If I can see my sons and daughters growing up in virtue and honesty, if I can rear them without any great and overwhelming mistake, I shall be content, and gladly lay my weary bones in the grave."

Excellent sister, we see your difficulty, we feel your burden. It is not for you, who rise with the day, and toil all through it for your little flock, finding scarcely a "resting time" in which to tend the youngest nursling, who sit down at night when the last is hushed to sleep to patch yawning rents which careless frolickers have made at play—it is not for you as you fold the last little garment, to open with sore and weary hands the most instructive volume, unless it be to lay leaves of Divine Healing on your throbbing brow. But perhaps as you walk the endless treadmill of domestic toil, you will bethink you of some way in which your duties can be simplified, and your burden lightened—some hour claimed neither by home, husband, nor children, but sacrificed to the false and unchristian demands of society. Seize that hour, good woman; hold it fast; hide it from the world; devote it to rest, thought, and elevation; make it the "secret place," under the shadow of whose greenness you walk serene and unruffled all the day; and if your table is set more simply for the loss

of that hour, and your children are more plainly clad, you will gain a control over your own spirit, and an influence over the group who take their laws from a mother's face, which will make a dinner of herbs savory.

It is evident that the majority of women, as society is, can not find much time for continuous study; what they acquire must be cursory, plain and practical. They need a peculiar system of helps. A suitable manual of science for their use, free as possible from technicalities, setting forth the principles of household processes clearly and concisely, with their applications in detail, should be given them before they are rated for their ignorance. She must be penetrating indeed who could gain from her school chemistry any knowledge as to the best manner of preparing meats and vegetables, the proper use of alkalies and soaps, and the nature and properties of the most common articles of daily use. Text-books are emphatically *elementary* works, and keep very carefully within their prescribed limits.

Professor Youmans, perceiving this difficulty, has presented to his countrywomen a compendium of scientific information, which should forever shut the mouths of all complainers. The "Handbook of Household Science" is just what it claims on its title-page to be, "a popular account of heat, light, air, aliment and cleansing, in their scientific principles, and domestic applications." This is, we believe, the first complete and successful attempt to *popularize* the sciences in the best sense, by bringing a knowledge and application of them into daily domestic use. Its author has drawn together from the various sources which a scholar has at command, a mass of facts and rules of living, which, were we obliged to search out and deduce ourselves, we might well exclaim, "this is labor! this is sore travail!" But here knowledge is "made easy," and insinuated

with a gentle force into our lips. Chemistry, to the novice, a most ill-favored and formidable science, is stripped of its terrors, and brought within the easy comprehension of every intelligent and fairly educated woman.

It is long since we have welcomed a book with so much hope and satisfaction as this. We have read it with very pleasant auguries for the *homes* of our land, and should rejoice to see every housekeeper walking by its light, and ordering her affairs according to its principles. It is not a book to be shut up within the close doors of a library, but to lie on the nursery table, within convenient reach, or, coverbound, to descend to the kitchen and take its place on the same shelf with the "Cook Book." And if, good housewife, it sometimes puts on airs, and jostles its venerable neighbor, do not turn it out of the house, but courteously solicit its reasons for this seeming rudeness, and we are much mistaken if it does not convince you that the ancient lawgiver of the culinary art is getting into his dotage.

"Household Science" is not a book of extreme views. It advocates no peculiar system of diatetics or hygiene. It does not frame a stern decalogue of diet, with its "permissings and forbiddings," and its awful maledictions on all transgressors, but it goes out into the gardens and fields, to the flocks and the herds, selects of every sort in the wide range of God's bounty, subjects all to the sure test of chemical analysis, notes their constituents, which best strengthen the bones, or round the muscles, or vitalize the blood, and leaves to the judgment of each to choose from the generous store. We are glad to see that on the subject of food, its properties, composition, and effects, the "Hand-Book" is especially full; for, deery its importance as some narrowly-educated people do, it is and will be one of the great *civilizing* we had almost said — *Christianizing* agencies of the races.

Is it not strange that we who plume ourselves in our practicalness — who are persuaded that we live in the very culmination of time, and look back with such a grand pity on the old torch-litages, should still, in our systematic education, clutch so nervously at the skirts of former generations? Shall our daughters especially, whose minds are *forced* into bloom like the tulips of a florist, who have so few years for study, be compelled still to swallow their bit of logic, or munch their dry crust of metaphysics, to the *exclusion* or *very imperfect mastery* of those studies which they can bring into use every day of their life? Will our grandchildren, judging us from a still more enlightened age, hold us guiltless if we give them mothers who shall repeat all the mistakes and reproduce all the errors from which we so cruelly suffer?

If schools do not give our children a practical education, we are not to sit down with folded hands to sigh over it, for the duty we delegated to the teacher is not discharged but thrown back upon us. With such an assistant as Prof. Youmans has provided, the task of adding these homely domestic lessons which the preceptor has neglected in his too great haste "to finish," need not be so very difficult. But, much as mothers and daughters *might* accomplish in this way, our observation does not give us much faith in what they will do. Very few families are so systematic that plans for study are thoroughly and perseveringly carried out.

We have more hope of progress in the school than in the home. If the edition of "Household Science," prepared with questions as a text-book, could be introduced into our academies and female seminaries, and the higher classes of our public schools, to succeed the chemistry and physiology, it would be one of the most practical advances in education made within the century. Our readers will thank us for quoting one or two earnest paragraphs on the subject of popular

instruction from Prof. Youman's eloquent and suggestive introduction:

"A rational and comprehensive plan of education for all classes, which shall be based upon man's intrinsic and essential wants, and promptly avail itself of every new view and discovery in science to enlighten him in his daily relations and duties, is the urgent demand of the time. Nor can it be always evaded. We are not to trundle round forever in the old ruts of thought, clinging with blind fatuity to crude schemes of instruction, which belong, where they originated, with the by-gone ages. He who has surrendered his life to the inanities of an extinct and exploded mythology, but who remains a stranger to God's administration of the living universe; who can skillfully rattle the skeletons of dead languages, but to whom the page of nature is as a sealed book, and her voices as an unknown tongue, is not always to be plumed with the super-eminent designation of 'educated.'

"There are many things, unquestionably, which it would be desirable to study; but opportunity is brief, and capacity limited, and the acquisition of one thing involves the exclusion of another. We can not learn every thing. The question of the relative rank of various kinds of knowledge, what shall be held of primary importance, and what subordinate, is urgent and serious. As life and health are the first of all blessings, to maintain them is the first of *all* duties, and to understand their conditions, the first of mental requirements. Shall the thousand matters of more distant and curious concernment be suffered to hold precedence of the solemn verities of being which are woven into the contexture of familiar life? The physical agencies which perpetually surround and act upon and within us, heat, light, air, and aliment, are liable to perversion through ignorance, so as to produce suffering, disease, and death; or they are capable through knowl-

edge, of promoting health, strength, and enjoyment. What higher warrant can be asked that their laws and effects shall become subjects of general and earnest study?"

(To be concluded.)

HOW TO SCENT FLOWERS.

EVERY day man is extending his empire over external nature. The flowers, more especially, spring at his bidding in forms and colors so much richer and more beautiful than the original type, that he might almost boast them for his own. He has now gone a step further; he has acquired the art of imparting odor to the most scentless—thus constraining those beautiful things to delight the sense of smell as well as sight. A florist of Aricia has made completely successful experiments of this kind, in heaping over the roots of flowers an odoriferous compost, and thus producing the required scent. By means, for instance, of a decoction of roses, he has given to the rhododendron the perfect odor of a rose. To insure success, however, the seeds themselves of the plant to which it is desired to impart fragrance should be acted upon. Let them be immersed for two or three days in any essence that may be preferred, and then thoroughly dry them in the shade, and shortly after sow them. But if it is required to substitute one scent for another natural to the plant, it is necessary to double or triple the quantity of the essence; and besides preparing the seed, it will be well to modify the nutritive substance. In order to retain the perfume, it will be necessary to repeat the moistening with the odorous substance several days during the spring-season for two or three consecutive years. Fragrance may be given at the will of the horticulturalist to any plant or tree, by boring a hole from one side of the stem to the other, or through the roots, and introducing the odoriferous ingredients into the hole.

A STRANGE EAMILY.

Oh mickle is the powerful grace that lies
 In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities;
 For naught so vile that on the earth doth live,
 But to the earth some special good doth give;
 Nor aught so good but strained from that fair use,
 Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse;
 Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,
 And vice sometimes, by action dignified;
 Within the infant rind of this weak flower
 Poison hath residence and medicine power;
 For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part,
 Being tasted slays all senses with the heart.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

THERE was once a time when every one who paid attention to the forms of vegetable life which cover hill and dale with such profusion, acted solely under the belief that each plant contained a remedy for some particular disease. Although we can now afford to smile at the strange properties which these old herbialists consequently attributed to plants entirely undeserving of the honor; although we do not believe with Gerard that "when the weasel is to fight with the serpent, she armeth herself by eating rue against his might," or that "rosemary giveth speech unto them that are possessed of the dumb palsy;" yet it is not the less true that there are groups of plants distinguished by powers as wonderful as the fables of the twilight of scientific knowledge. Some of these remind us of the awful phenomenon occasionally revealed to us in history, of a family pre-eminent in crime and cruelty, whose career is one dark story of lust and murder, and whose name survives in the hatred and abhorrence of posterity. Others again, the friends and benefactors of mankind, have satisfied the hunger or quenched the thirst of grateful nations through all time. It is, however, to a family that comes under both these classes — one that at the same time is prolific in poisons, and supplies part of the daily food of millions — that we would at present direct the attention of those who feel an interest in the wonders of creation. And we doubt whether any division of the vegetable world could be selected which would be found more replete with interest.

Science has given to a well-defined

class the name of *Solanaceæ*, or nightshade worts, from the solanum or nightshade, one of its members; and it states, as a general characteristic, the energy of the narcotic principle residing in the juices of the roots, leaves, and fruits, though of course subject to modifications in each species. The only representatives of the *Solanaceæ* native to England, are poisonous in a fatal degree; but as they present no peculiarities in the mode of operation, it will be sufficient simply to name them as useful to the student in giving him an idea of the characteristics of the whole order.

The first plant, however, over which we would wish to linger is one of the atropas, which has been rendered celebrated by the strange superstitions of which it has been the object. We allude to the mandrake. This flower is indigenous on the shores of the Mediterranean; it presents to our view a tuft of dark shining leaves a foot long, and a flower of a dull white, veined delicately with violet, succeeded by a round ruddy fruit of a pleasant odor. But the remarkable part of the mandrake lies under ground. The root, which is often four or five feet long, is of a reddish color, and as it usually divides half way down into two or three branches, sometimes assumes a singular likeness to the human body. The fruit of the plant was supposed to be useful in case of barrenness. Allusion is made to this in the story of Jacob; and the same idea still prevails in Greece. In the middle ages this vegetable mimicry of the human form gave rise to singular superstitions, no doubt increased by the highly colored narratives of pilgrims and crusaders. By these accounts, a kind of animal life is attributed to the mandrake; shrieks of pain were elicited from it by violence; madness fell upon any who heard those weird cries; and certain death awaited the man bold enough to pull it by the roots. It was also pretended by the quacks who sold the roots, that they were charms

against all mischief; and to enhance their value, they declared that they grew only under gibbets from the flesh of the criminals which fell thence to the ground. It is but justice, however, to the Elizabethan age, to state that Dr. Turner wrote at some length to expose these errors, and said that he had himself dug up roots without receiving harm or hearing any noises. Modern science recognizes the mandrake as a dangerous narcotic plant; which is, however, useful as an anodyne, when administered with care by an experienced hand. The fruit is said to be exhilarating, and to be a favorite food of the Arabs.

When we consider the next plant to which we shall devote any space, we shall be struck by the wonderful provisions of an all-wise Creator for the sustenance of those dependant upon his bounty. Whoever looks cursorily at the potato, and remarks its dark leaves, its dull lurid flowers, and its fetid smell, recalling to his mind the wild night-shade of our hedges, would at once pronounce that the herb was dangerous, and certainly unfit for food. His judgment would not deceive him, as the plant is really highly poisonous; and it is only under a modified form that a portion of it becomes so valuable as food as almost to rival the produce of the cereals. It is very generally supposed that the tuber, which we eat, is a deposit of fecula or nourishing matter in the fibers of the root; this, however, is a mistake, as it really is an underground branch in a changed and swollen state. We shall be convinced of this when we consider that the so-called eyes of the potato are true buds, which, upon the tuber being buried in the earth, in favorable conditions of warmth and moisture, are developed into branches; and this, indeed, is the familiar way in which the gardener propagates the plant. This very useful vegetable came originally from America, but it is uncertain from what part. It has been found growing wild on the moun-

tains of Chili, and recently on the peaks of Mexico; but it was from Virginia that Sir Walter Raleigh introduced it into England. Its range of cultivation is very great, extending from Iceland to the tropics; it must be remembered, however, that in the latter regions it requires high position, and flourishes only when about ten thousand feet above the level of the sea.

Nor is the potato the only member of this class that appears upon our table; although we can only name a few condiments and esculents of less importance. Such are the capsicum, which furnishes a piquant fruit familiar to us in the form of Cayenne pepper; the tomato or love-apple, which is associated forever with the imperishable memory of Mr. Pickwick and the great marriage case; the egg-apple, the long purple fruit of which is daily seen in the markets of Paris, and forms a favorite dish of the Anglo-Indian.

Very different, however, from these tempting acids to the palate is the fruit of the apples of Sodom, so famous for their fair outward show and their rotten core. This favorite of the poets grows abundantly on the desert shores of the Red Sea; it has rough, divided leaves, hard purple flowers, and a smooth golden shining fruit, the flesh of which is at first firm and of a bitter taste, but afterward decays into the dry, ash-like substance which disappoints the expectant traveler.

We shall notice only one more member of this interesting family, the history of which furnishes us with one of the most extraordinary instances of the imitative faculty in man ever exhibited. Without entering into the vexed question of the effects of tobacco upon the habits and manners of an age, we may observe, that its adoption as an indulgence was in direct violation of the usual law of progress. The habit of smoking its leaves, instead of having first prevailed among civilized nations, and

so extended to the more barbarous, has, on the contrary, been borrowed from the actual savage, and from thence extended to the most exalted ranks of the most refined society. Great doubt rests upon its native country; but it is certain that the Americans first applied it in the way so well known now; they themselves called the plant *petun* and *yati*, but Europeans have adopted the name from their clay-pipe (*tobacco*.) It is a popular superstition that Sir Walter Raleigh first introduced it into England; but Camden gives the palm of priority to Mr. Ralph Lane, while others contend for the claims of Sir F. Drake. It is well known what opposition it met with at the hands of government, and how, nevertheless, in an incredibly short time, it spread over the whole world.

This is but a glance at a truly strange vegetable family; but to many of our readers it may be a suggestive one, and to many more it will recall the quaint, but fine verses of Cowley:

If we could open and inbend our eye,
We all like Moses, should espy,
E'en in a bush, the radiant Deity,

THE HERDSMAN OF TEKOA.

AMOS, the herdsman and seer of Tekoa, came down from the mountains toward Samaria, and went among the people prophesying. And, though he reproached Israel for their sins and their servility, the people heard him gladly; for he spoke with authority, power and grace, representing stern and severe truths by lovely images of simple, pastoral life; and the people kept his sayings in their hearts.

Then Amazia, the priest of Bethel, went to Amos the herdsman, for he thought in his heart, "Amos shall teach me the poetry of his psalms, that I may speak like him, and gain the hearts of the people." And the priest of Bethel thought soon to excel the simple herdsman of Tekoa in the wisdom of the seer. But Amazia was not a priest after the heart of the

Lord, but a priest of the golden calves, who flattered the king Jeroboam, and deceived the people that he might fulfill his own lusts. And he resolved to deceive the people still more; therefore he went to Amos and said:

"Who art thou, that thou speakest thus in wondrous words and the multitude heareth thee?"

Amos answered and said, "I am a herdsman of Tekoa."

Then Amazia said, "How did thy father teach thy heart, or in what school of the prophets hast thou learned the art of the seer?"

The herdsman Amos answered and said, "I am neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet. I have spent the days of my youth in keeping the flocks of my father, and gathering mulberries."

Then Amazia was astonished, and asked, "Who was it then that gave thee the power to see visions, and taught thee to speak such sprightly words?"

Amos answered and said, "The spirit of the Lord."

And Amazia asked, "Tell me in what temple did He reveal himself unto thee?"

Amos answered and said, "In His sanctuary upon the mountains of Tekoa, which reach unto the ends of the world."

Then Amazia was wroth and said, "Thou speakest dark sayings; I do not understand thee."

Amos answered and said, "The spirit comprehendeth the things of the spirit."

But Amazia did not understand the words of Amos the herdsman and seer, for the spirit of God was not in him. And he went to the king and said:

"Amos causeth men to rebel against thee; his sayings will destroy the land."

Thus said Amazia, for he comprehended not the Spirit which dwelt in Amos. And Amos returned to the mountains.

KRUMMACHER.

MOTHER, AT THE GARDEN-GATE.

BY MISS M. A. RIPLEY.

'T WAS a bright, glad summer day
On the fair hill-side,
And high hopes were leaping up,—
Soon, full soon they died.
I was young and fearless,
When she bade me wait,—
When she took my small white hand,
At the garden-gate.

Pressed she many a fervent kiss
On my flushing brow,
But I turned my eyes away—
Tears began to flow.
I had left my homestead,
Sought a sailor's fate,
And she stood to see me go,
At the garden-gate.

"My brave boy! the ocean
Soon will be your home;
May no dark temptation
O'er your pathway come!
Let the wine-cup never
Shadow your proud fate!"
And my mother wept there,
At the garden-gate.

I have trode the main deck,
I have climbed the mast,
I have fought the rushing waves—
Braved the tempest blast.
And beneath sore burdens,
Wearily I've sate,
But I saw my mother
At the garden-gate;—

And the memory saved me,
When the bright wine foamed,
Whether on the waters,
Or on land I roamed.
Now my locks are snow-white,
For the grave I wait,
Oh, my mother! watch for me
At the Heavenly gate!

FORTY YEARS — A BIRTHDAY LYRIC.

BY MRS. H. E. G. AREY.

HARK! the clanging, clanging bell
From the cycles of the earth,
With its oft repeated knell,
Tells again thine hour of birth;
From the dusty paths of life,
Where thy pilgrim walk must be,
From the fever and the strife,
Turn to-day, and rest with me.
Many a once joy-freighted dream,
Lies behind thee, wrecked and bare;
Time hath laid his silver gleam,
Mid the darkness of thy hair,

See the faded garlands strewed
O'er the pathway thou hast trode;
Oh! what countless hopes and fears,
In the lapse of forty years.

For these visions passed so soon,
Dreams of life's gay matin time;
Thou'st the strength of manhood's noon,
All the beauty of its prime.
And from 'mid the day-dreams bright,
That have faded on thy way,
Thou hast gathered beams of light
Round thy coming life to play;
Thou hast reared two temples fair,
For thyself proud honor's dome,
And for us who claim thy care,
Even this priceless shrine of home.
He who wins such gifts of love,—
Hearts below, and hopes above,
Knoweth more of smiles, than tears,
In the lapse of forty years.

Since thy childhood's rounded hand,
Culled life's blossoms by the sea,
Traced its lessons on the sand,
That are lessons still to thee;
And the ocean, stretching broad,
From this world's shore to the sky,
Led thine early thoughts to God,
Taught them of eternity.
Thou hast wandered far, where strong
Hewers in the mine of thought,
Heedless of the giddy throng,
On Time's mighty temple wrought;
And thy hand, with power bedight,
Still hath battled for the right,
Striving 'mid the hopes and fears,
That have thronged these forty years.

THE CHILD AND BIRD.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

A CHILD was wildly weeping
While rosy morning fled,
She came to feed her darling bird,
Her darling bird was dead!

Yes, there it lay recumbent,
Shut eye, and open beak,—
In vain its golden plumes she smoothed,
And press'd them to her cheek.

Alas! poor sobbing mourner,
Slight cause to us it seems,
For such a whelming grief to flow
In agonizing streams:—

Yet, as we journey onward,
With added strength to bear
The smiting of those gauds that cheer
Our pilgrimage of care,—

Oft from our walls suspended
And bath'd in sorrow's tide,
Is here and there an empty cage
Where our heart's birdlings died.

HARTFORD, Sept. 22, 1857.

A TALE OF TWO TUBS ;

OR, THE WAY I BECAME ACQUAINTED
WITH MY SISTER EMILY.

BY MRS. H. E. G. AREY.

MY father, all honor to his memory, was a small country parson. Not small in stature by any means, for he stood higher in his boots than almost any man in our neighborhood. Neither was he small in talent ; — those of his relatives who stood better with the world than he, used to say that he had talent enough to do credit to any city pulpit that could be named, if he had only possessed the requisite tact to obtain and keep such a position. But tact was a thing in which he was sadly deficient. In spite of all his friends could do in the way of assisting him to desirable situations, he never managed to stay long in a place where there were influential people who expected to receive sugar-plums at the hands of their pastor.

It was a very injudicious thing of him, as all of his relatives agreed, when, on the very first Sabbath morning after his eligible settlement in G. . . ., he returned the kindly patronizing nod of Mrs. Deacon Hunt with a cool bow, such as he was very much accustomed to bestow upon such mere bundles of silks and laces, and immediately after answered the low-dropt courtesy of Polly the washer-woman with a hearty shake of the hand, and stood talking full five minutes in the vestibule with her about her son John, and her winter prospects, and then finished up his thoughtlessness by showing her into her pew, which was the third one from the door. To be sure he was still talking with Polly when he turned to enter the church, and, arrived at the pew door, it was a very easy matter for him to open it for her ; but, acquainted with the world as I am at my time of life, I can't help acknowledging that it was a very injudicious thing. Especially, as Mrs. Deacon Hunt had that morning put on all those flounces, and the new lemon-

colored gloves and embroidered pocket-handkerchief, in order to impress the new pastor with her social and spiritual superiority over Mrs. Deacon Landerdale.

Deacon Hunt's people were never friends of ours from that moment, and my father's settlement in G. . . . was a short one, as many of his previous settlements had been. Those who expected to have their prejudices satisfied in all respects would soon become satisfied that their present pastor would never do this for them, and then the tent of our household would be raised again, and we would take up our pilgrimage to some unknown quarter of the world's wilderness.

"John Milton has been throwing his bread and butter under his feet again," aunt Ruth would say in her blunt, off-hand manner whenever one of these removes took place ; for aunt Ruth felt a kindly interest in the bread and butter that her brother John Milton obtained. She was his maiden sister, and being ten years his senior, had been used to spread his bread and butter and tie his pinafores in the days of his boyhood, and had thus obtained an undoubted right to speak her mind in all his affairs.

John Milton Hill was my father's cognomen, but though a namesake of the great poet he was not much of a poet himself, unless it were in the dreamy way he had of looking at the good things of this life and its provisions for the future. In the midst of his calm philosophical and theological speculations there rarely seemed to enter the idea that a family could not breakfast on a "dish of fog" as well as any other dish on a cold, misty morning in November. But mother was a most notable manager, and her keen eye was ever on the alert to secure us against the calamities which this want of foresight in my father would otherwise have occasioned.

Each place of our sojourn indeed seemed more desert-like than the last, with more of hot suns and simoons, and less of the vegetation that sustains

life, until at length we found a permanent location among the sand-hills of the small fishing town at T. . . . A dreary place it looked to us when we first went there, with its patches of moss-grown pine shrubs and huckleberry bushes, and the long reaches of ocean over which the white-winged ships went flitting in the distance. But we soon learned to love even the monotony of these clean white sands and boundless sea views. There was a quaintness and peculiarity about the people, as if, from long familiarity they had grown into a resemblance to the few objects that nature had placed about them. Very excellent people they were in their stern, unbending Puritanism, and the parish afforded many examples of that earnest, unpretending piety, which had so attracted my father in the case of Polly the washer-woman.

I doubt, indeed, if my good father ever enjoyed life better than he did in his parish by the sea, where his study was so quiet through the long summer afternoons, while the male part of his congregation had all "gone down to the sea in ships," and their wives were all busy with their own households in their pleasant white homes behind the corn. It was a kind of quiet that suited his studious mind, and if his people trod the path of duty with no falling out by the way, either among themselves or with him, it mattered little in his opinion whether the fish we had to fry were all clams or not. But we had no occasion to complain of the ills of fortune. For the family of one of the Socratic school of practical philosophers we fared remarkably well.

My mother had a small income of her own, which, knowing the emergencies that might occur in a household like ours, she was accustomed to dispense sparingly, and which was thus always on hand to supply a real want. Moreover, my father was a great favorite among his relatives, and though they railed much at his improvidence, they spared no pains in

their efforts to make him easy in the midst of it.

It was another peculiarity of this town where we had found a home, that the corn-fields everywhere bordered the road in front of the house. Low patches of corn and pumpkins they were, and the corn, where it was flourishing, yielded a single small ear to the stalk. Behind these were the dooryards, with sand-reared hollyhocks, and poppies, and faint ramicles of love-lies-bleeding, while still beyond the low houses were guiltless of dirt, but quaint and Puritanic in their style as were their owners. These peculiarities of the people to whom my father ministered had a wide renown. People were in the habit of looking upon them as differing in some way from the rest of the world, though few perhaps could have defined their exact point of difference. Their religious notions were rigid, and perhaps somewhat out of date, as well as their style of dress. Their rendering of the English language inclined to the nasal, and people abroad were even accustomed to mention the name of the town with an abbreviation of the nostrils. It was, taken for all in all, rather an undesirable place to "hail from," as the sailors say. When the boys in their Sunday jackets went up to town for a Fourth of July, or other holiday, the very parrots in the streets would call after them, "*fish-y*." The obloquy which Nazareth bore among the ancient Jews, had settled upon our place, and there were few people who would have believed that "any good" could come from among us.

Pauline was the name by which I was christened — a good name enough when called Pauline, but somewhat parrot-like when shortened into Polly, by which appellation my uncle James used to torture me, and still worse when called *Peli-n-ey*, with a long i, as I was christened by the school-teacher when I first entered the place, and of course as I was thus called at school, the name was soon borne into all parts

of the place, and from being the Polly Hill, with which bugbear of a name my uncle tried to frighten me, I became Pe-li-ney Hill to all who knew me in T. . . .

"Do n't call me Pe-li-ney," said I one day angrily to one of my school-mates, for I did not possess enough graces of the spirit to be patient under such a misnomer.

"What shall I call you then?" she asked with a drawl; "Paw-leen? I can't twist my mouth so. School-ma'am calls you Pe-li-ney. I guess she knows!"

And because the school-ma'am knew, I am to be still shrined among the people of T. . . . under this delightful cognomen.

"Polly Hill, indeed!" said the aristocratic Mrs. Holley of T. . . ., when she heard that her brother, Weimar Wells, was engaged to me, "Polly Hill of Taunton—a pretty thing to bring among us. I always knew that Weimar would be taken in by some low person, but this is worse than I thought even he would do."

But you know Wiemar writes that her name is Pauline," said the more quiet Mrs. Revere, her second sister, "and the Mortons had cousins up from Taunton last month—they told them of Weimar's engagement, and called her Pe-li-ney, you know."

"Those horrid cousins—yes! I suppose that is as near as her people know how to pronounce the name. A country parson's family in Taunton. Just think of it. Of course Wiemar will have to marry the whole family, if he marries her. He shall never bring any of them here." And Mrs. Holly tossed her head with an indignant flourish at my poor unconscious self.

But I knew nothing of all this until after my marriage. If I had, I doubt if I should ever have had the pleasure of introducing myself to you, dear reader, as Mrs. Wiemar Wells. The truth was, that Wiemar had not made my acquaintance in Taunton, but while I was visiting at an uncle's in New

York. And with all the show of taste that my mother had been able to gather about our home, in spite of the prejudices of the people, I can not help thinking that it was not a very attractive setting in which to show off the charms of a young lady.

"Attracted by a pretty face," my husband's lady sisters had decided, in the absence of all other attractions. But, alas! I was not even pretty. Wiemar, however, did not undeceive them on this point. In fact I believe he insisted—but no matter about that, he had just as much spirit as Mrs. Holley herself, and when that lady informed him that he should never bring any of the pastor's family among his relatives in B. . . ., he assured her that he never would; and he kept his promise, as you will see.

"Now, why don't you take me to visit your relatives? I have shown you to all mine;" I said to my husband when we were about returning from our wedding trip.

"Because," said he playfully, "don't the Scripture say that a man should leave father and mother and cleave unto his wife?" But there was a look of embarrassment about him that increased my suspicion that there was something wrong. I considered it quite time that I should understand the whole matter, so I did not let him rest until he had told me all about it, and shown me his sister's letter.

"Why have you never told me this before," said I indignantly, when I had read it.

"Because," said he, "when you are trying to ensnare a rabbit, it is never best to do any thing that you are sure will frighten him beyond your reach."

"But," said I, and "but," was all I said, for I was vexed, and I dropt my face into my handkerchief and did what the weak ones of my sex always do when they are vexed—took a good cry.

CHAPTER II.

The years swept over our home very pleasantly, without any help from Wiemar's relatives; and before half a score of them were gone, I found myself somewhat depressed in health and spirits from long confinement in the midst of my domestic duties. Wiemar insisted that I should go up to the Water Cure at C. . . ., and recruit awhile. It was hard to leave the peachy cheeks and sunny eyes — excuse me, reader, if you are not a parent — at home, but Weimar had said it, and I went.

They say a great deal about the fountains, and the fish-ponds, and the delightful wood-walks that adorn the fine grounds belonging to the establishment, but of the lame and deformed people that you meet suddenly in some pleasant, shady surprise — the wan invalids that you see carried on cots from one bath to another — the insane woman who throws up her sash and leaps out upon the piazza beside you, glaring with the return of her crazy fit — the asthma that whizzes at your elbow, or the cancer that sits opposite you at the breakfast table, — these are things they do not advertise.

Unless the current in your veins is unusually genial and glowing, it is hard to overcome the chill it gets sometimes, so as to wish them a cheerful good-morning, and breathe, as you should, a devout thank-offering that such pleasant surroundings have been furnished for the unfortunate. We had need to be social in the wards where we were located, in order to keep our memory from brooding over the flood of disease and death that surged about us, and though we seldom took the trouble to ascertain each others names and residences, yet the numbers over our doors and the faces that belonged to each, grew very familiar to us. Various were the masquerades that we performed, passing up and down the halls in costume day after day. There was many a quaint variety too, in the costumes we as-

sumed, but the one we most affected was that of the tall, blanketed squaw, with tangled ribbons of hair upon her shoulders.

One day, I had wandered forest-ward by myself, and stepping upon what seemed a rustic seat from the foot of a tree I walked forward and found myself directly at its termination, among the branches of a deformed oak-tree that grew down on the side of the bluff beneath me. The foliage and the green dress I wore concealed me from observation, and I sat down upon the camel's hump into which the top of the tree had grown, probably because "somebody trod upon it when it was little," and gave myself up to the enjoyment of the balmy atmosphere, and the music that the birds poured through the leaves above, and the flowers uttered from their censers underneath. The little lake or fish-pond on which the invalids went sailing in a thimble was visible through the foliage, and a home-made raft, with a lame man at one pole, and a one-sided boy at the other, was already on the water. There were one or two fishers on the shore, and now and then a gunner with rifle and shooting-jacket went past in search of the unfortunate chipmucks and blue-birds that chanced to stray into the region; — sporting they called it, I believe. Well, people can give such names as they choose to the things they do. And perhaps, after all, their fishing-rods and fire-arms, were only the excuse they offered to society, for their dalliance with the wood-nymphs — their way of poetizing with an apology.

I had a different way of doing it, and what with the delightful morning and the profuse showering from which I had just come, I grew elevated in spirit upon my camel-backed tree — as much as one of the nine muses might have been, when seated on the back of a veritable Pegasus. A splash in the direction of the fish-pond, however, soon aroused me from my dreams, and looking through the foliage, I beheld the round man — who had grown into a shape very much like that of the tree

on which I was sitting, and — but, dear reader, don't think that I can describe to you the occurrence that followed, with such a combination of comicalities as made my ears ring with smothered laughter; for those who made an acquaintance with the swampy bottom of the fish-pond that day, came back from the excursion alive, and may be still sufficiently awake to the things of this world to number themselves among my readers. So, of course, a public exhibition of the picture that is still impressed upon my memory would hardly do. Besides, the incident, like the famous poem of Dr. Holmes that made such havoc among the vest buttons, was really too ludicrous to print. I did not, however, hesitate, when I returned, to mention to my ward-mates that I had been an eye-witness of the affair, and I believe my doing so, was the cause of Dr. S. . . . hurrying up stairs so rapidly to see if Number Twelve had broken out into one of her crazy fits again.

When I had taken breath from the first splash of my afternoon bath that day, I heard a strange voice from the tub beside me say, "There was an accident at the fish-pond this morning I understand."

Our sitsbaths, by the way, were veritable wash-tubs, the numbers of which agreed with the numbers of our rooms. Number Four, the room next mine, had been vacant since my arrival, its occupants having gone home for a visit, but now I saw by a glance at the adjoining tub that Number Four had returned. There was no distinction of rank among us; we sat alike arrayed from head to foot, in snow-white blankets, and the haughtiest head assumed the most delightful dishabille. Therefore I only saw in looking at Number Four that she was a portly, genial-looking woman, the lines about whose face might have made a very readable volume for the student of human nature, while the general result which I gathered at the moment was one which attracted rather than repelled me.

"Oh, yes!" said Number Three, to whom the last remark had been addressed. "Number Six can tell you all about that. She was an eye-witness." And Number Three gave a smothered laugh from beneath the towel with which Nurse Wall was scouring her hair.

"What are you all laughing about?" asked Number Four, looking curiously at me, for I answered to the title of Number Six.

"An accident is hardly the thing to excite our laughter," said I, as civilly as I could.

There was another outburst from the tub in which Number Three was stationed, and several voices exclaimed:

"Tell her about it; you must. It is quite too good to lose."

"How can I tell about drowning people when I am drowning myself?" I asked, ducking my head to avoid the bucket of water that Nurse Peck was hurling at some unfortunate.

But the matter was insisted upon, and with what good-nature I possessed I endeavored to give Number Four a realizing sense of the accident that had befallen the fish-pond that morning. Where I failed in giving the best light to any part of the picture, I found her skillful to touch it off in the right colors, insomuch that I could not help thinking it a pity that one with such an eye to the beauty of a thing should have lost the sight of it.

From that time we were fast friends. I had never approved of sudden friendships, but for some reason or other this one seemed excusable to me. We had been accustomed to feast upon the same authors, we admired the same songs, and read the same papers. We ate one another's confections, walked over the wood walks together, wrote secretly to our husbands each about the other, and talked, out of our bath-tubs, side by side, for a half hour twice a day.

When this friendship was about a week old, I received a *consignment* of fine fruits from my husband, with

which I made myself for the time the good spirit of the ward, as was the custom. They disappeared rapidly under the levy so many hungry people could lay upon them, but the morning after their arrival I spread out a little repast in my room, and sent a formal note of invitation to Number Four to come in after our forenoon bath, and enjoy it with me.

"Where does your husband obtain such fine fruit as he sends you?" she asked of me when we were once more tubbed in the bath-room. "I have been unable to find any thing equal to it in market."

"We raise them upon our own place," I replied. "My husband is quite an amateur. I seldom find as fine fruit anywhere as we have at home."

"But how do you manage it?" she asked. "We have done our best with the fruit on our place in the country, but our gardener never sends us any thing equal to this."

"My husband attends to it himself," I replied; "and when he is busy, I often go out with my pruning-knife and trowel, and see that the sun has free access to the fruit, or the rain to the roots. There is nothing like having such matters under your own eye."

"Very well; you partly invited me home with you the other day, and I shall be quite sure to accept the invitation. I am anxious to try those strawberries you were speaking of yesterday, and see if your way of sealing is better than mine."

"Oh," I replied, in the same strain which she had adopted, "I don't intend to open those strawberries until winter. I can't think of offering you any of those if you go home with me."

"I can draw a cork as well as any one," she said laughing. "There's no fear but I shall get a taste of the strawberries if I go with you. But you have never told me where your home is," she added; "you must

have a better climate than ours to ripen such fruit as you give us."

"I live in M. . . .," I replied.

"Do you indeed?" I have a brother there," she said carelessly.

"Ah!" said I, "what is his name? — I know most of the people there."

"His name is Wells," said she; "I have not seen him in a long time, but he is well-known in the place."

"Indeed!" said I gravely; "I know of no family of the name in M. . . . except our own."

"You must know him," she answered, as if she had noticed only a part of what I said. "He was in the Legislature last winter. He married beneath us, and we never meet, but I watch his progress in the world. Wiemar is his first name — Wiemar Wells."

"Yes, ma'am!" said I, rising up like a pillar of cloud beneath my blanket, while the glow which the bath had infused into my veins cooled out very rapidly. "I do know him well. I am Mrs. Wiemar Wells."

How quick she turned the chiseled marble of her face toward me, and glared at me with her great round eyes.

"Is it possible!" said she in clear cut tones, as if the words had been carved out of solid ice. She was just being *finished* at the hand of the nurse, and there was the dignity of a monarch in the way in which she folded her blanket round her as she spoke. "And I," she said, setting the last foot, which was now slipped, sharply against the floor, "am Mrs. Melanethon Holley."

Horror of horrors! Mrs. Melanethon Holley! My new friend was Mrs. Melanethon Holley, the terror of my married life. How did the feet of Mrs. Melanethon Holley go snapping against the matting down the hall until the door of Number Four closed in and shut her from the astonished gaze which I was pouring after her. And how did my own feet follow over the matting, with their

tread of offended dignity, until the walls of Number Six inclosed me and my towering anger. I sat down upon the narrow bed with my eyes wide open. There was the repast I had prepared for her—there were the books from which I had promised to read to her; the pitcher of cream I had taken such pains to get stood mockingly up in the midst, with a napkin over it, as if it enjoyed my excitement. I had a mind to throw the whole repast out of the window—only there *was* a relishing look about those peaches that made me think I might get over my anger by-and-by, so as to enjoy them.

While I was thus considering, a chambermaid tapped at the door and handed me a card upon which was written, in dainty letters, the name of my haughty sister-in-law. I took it with a gruff assent, and looked at it with dignified indignation, wondering what it might mean. But its appearance was followed by the lady herself, who came toward me with her usual smile and said:

“Do you still extend to Mrs. Holley the invitation to lunch that you sent to Number Four this morning?”

“It is beneath you, madam,” I exclaimed. “I submit to no condescension—I never was born to be patronized.”

“Well, I won’t patronize you,” she said, sitting down in the chair she was accustomed to take in my room. “But I don’t know as we ought to be the less friends because we happen to be sisters-in-law.”

“I think, ma’am, that to you there will be a good deal of difference between Number Six at the Water Cure, and Polly Hill of Taunton,” said I, repellantly.

“I am prepared to bear somewhat of this from you as the aggrieved one,” said she, “and am quite ready to make the first advances, as I was the first aggressor. People may be mistaken. We ought to forgive them when we find them ready to acknow-

ledge the mistake on discovering it. Shall we be friends, or foes?”

“Friends with all my heart,” I replied as, with the last trace of anger gone, I grasped the hand she offered me,—for she had risen and approached the bed where I was sitting.

Number Four went home with me, and there was no little surprise in my husband’s face, when he found, under the numerical title with which I had introduced her, at his own door his sister Emily. But it was a surprise mingled with the keenest pleasure. The cloud which had hung over our domestic happiness had disappeared, and he was united with his own family once more.

Some years after, when I was traveling with my sister Emily, a passage in an old note-book of hers, which lay open upon the table in her room, attracted my attention. It read thus: “MEM: Never adopt the prejudices of other people without examining their grounds for yourself.”

“What is this?” I asked, seeing that the date was that of the day on which we were made known to each other.

“Oh,” said she, looking over my shoulder, “it’s the lesson I learned out of those tubs at C. . . .”

CHANCE.

WHAT can be more foolish than to think that all this rare fabric of heaven and earth could come together by chance, when all the skill of art is not able to make an oyster? To see rare effects and no cause, and motion without a mover, a circle without a centre, and time without eternity, a second without a first, are things so against philosophy and natural reason, that he must needs be a weakling in understanding who does not assent to them. The thing formed says that nothing formed it; that that which is made *is*, and that which made it *is not*. This folly is infinite.

Jeremy Taylor.

EVENINGS AT HOME.

BY COUSIN THINKER.

DURING the long and dreary evenings so common to the month of November, when all without wears a gloomy and dismal aspect, and the members of the family are most likely to convene within doors, how pleasantly and profitably might the hours be made to flit around the fire-side. What more favorable opportunity than the present to sow in the hearts of the children the *love of home*? This does not devolve particularly upon the maternal or paternal head of the household, but the son, and also the daughter, should take an equal interest in this meritorious object.

And yet, alas! in how many homes are these golden hours made to pass unprofitably, and even at times to drag heavily. How sad to reflect that in such families the son steals too often from the loving gaze of his mother, to associate with his street companions. This is the commencement of that well-beaten path, which eventually ends in disgrace or the state-prison. Ah, mother! could you but fully realize this, how tenderly would you draw around your boy the arms of maternal love, and win him from the vice and misery of the street to your little parlor, and tell him gently of his fault, and by loving words and kind actions endeavor to reclaim him. When will mothers' eyes be opened to this great national evil?

To-night, dear reader, while the hoarse wind whistles through the half-stripped branches of the tall poplar-trees, follow me in fancy to a pleasanter scene—a picture well fit to adorn an artist's canvas.

A glance around at the health-glowing and smiling faces of the inmates of Mr. W... 's cosy little parlor on S... street, shows a lov-

ing and happy family. "Blow on, ye winds, blow on!" whistle and frolic as much as you choose around the old homestead—we have happy hearts within.

The mother—that light and joy of every home, without whose cheerful presence no household is complete, graces the center of the group. Forgetting self, and ever endeavoring to make her family happier, she is now reading to the little ones an interesting sketch from a juvenile story-book. On the right is seated Mr. W...., whose arms enfold Eddie and Matilda, the youngest of the company. Their father's knee is the favorite seat for these little ones, and the only contest between them is, who shall have the first kiss, when he draws his easy chair to the blazing grate after tea.

Mr. W.... is one of those men who has the love of his family at heart, and upon no account absents himself from them in the evening unless it is absolutely necessary. This was the happiest part of the day to him, when he exchanged his boots for a pair of nice comfortable slippers, and supporting the little ones with each arm, would sing them some familiar school-day song, or listen to their prattle, as they related some pleasing incident in their own childish way, so that he found but little time to attend to the older members of the family.

Matilda, the youngest of the two, or Tillie, as she is called, is the pet of the household. She is a loving creature; and, had you seen her two plump cheeks, you would have longed to impress a kiss upon them, or have drawn your fingers lightly through her flaxen curls, as they hung in ringlets round her laughing face. Upon her lap lays softly her little favorite, a handsome kitten, which *purs* out its pleasure at being fondled so carefully by Tillie. Toward this species of quadrupeds "papa" never had the warmest feelings, liking them better the greater distance they were from

him; but he bore this trial bravely, yet it was only for Tillie's sake. Tillie liked this little favorite dearly; and from the peculiar black spot on the bridge of its nose, while the rest of its body was white, with the exception of a glossy black patch on its back, she endowed it with the name of "Black-nose."

Eddie, the occupant of the other side, is a bright little fellow of six, two years Tillie's senior. He is tired, poor fellow, very tired, with too much frolicking among the fallen, seared leaves of the shade-trees in the front yard. As he sat upon his father's knee he dozed, and ere his mother had been reading five minutes, was fast asleep, nodding his head hither and thither, at which Tillie could not refrain from expressing her admiration in a joyous laughter.

On the left of the mother is seated Susan, that affectionate daughter, who, by thoughtful actions and smiling countenance, adds a more cheerful cast to their circle. She is a loving and kind-hearted girl, ever lightening her mother's cares as opportunity affords, and doing many little things for the children. Occasionally she copies a *brief* for her father, he being a lawyer, and to-night she is engaged in crocheting a pair of mittens for little Eddie, to be presented to him on his seventh birthday.

Her brother John at her side, a lad of fourteen, has been puzzling his brains over some *tough* algebraic questions, as he chooses to style them. With "hard work" he has succeeded in finding the correct answers to all the problems but one, to which solution he *can't* get the desired result. Susie, seeing his trouble, kindly volunteers to aid him; and, dropping her work, takes the algebra and slate, and writes out the solution. Arriving at the required answer, she hands it back to him, which brings from his lips a hearty "Thank you, sister! you do so many little favors for me, I feel sure that I can never fully repay you;" and

putting his slate and book on the bureau, he draws his chair closer to the fire, while his father and mother each carry Eddie and Tillie to their sleeping apartment.

While the fire grows low in the grate, and the lamp burns with a dimmer light, we will bid "Good-night" to this HAPPY FAMILY, while we look in upon the household of their neighbor, Mr. C. . . .

* * * * *

What a marked contrast to the cheerful and loving family of Mr. W. . . . Here we have no beaming countenances to bid us welcome, save that of a sleeping boy on the sofa—the only inmate of the room—and his happy, childish face, as he lays in quiet slumber, draws us softly to his side. Where are Mr. and Mrs. C. . . ., and Nellie, and her brother Henry?

Mr. C. . . ., who is a merchant, upon taking tea hastened back to the store, one of his clerks being ill. He is a man of a very nervous temperament, and can hardly endure baby-music—now that the little one is teething. Besides, he would have a greater love for home, if Mrs. C. . . .'s "spats" with the servants did not occur so often, and occasionally the children have to bear with her quick temper, when they have committed any misdemeanor. "Everybody has his faults," she would argue sometimes, when her husband found occasion to reason with her on this very unharmonious embarrassment in their domestic circle. "Believe me, dear Henry," she would continue, "I will try and concentrate all my energies to overcome my quick temper, although it becomes harder that it is an hereditary transmission." Mr. C. . . ., although he oftentimes found opportunity, yet he never interfered in his wife's affairs with the servants, but left her to sway her authority in this respect as her own mind dictated.

On the evening in question, Mrs. C. . . . had a little controversy with Betsy, one of the servants, and left

the house in a rage, to pass a more sociable hour with a prim and unique neighbor, Mrs. A. . . . Before leaving, however, she gave strict order to put Orrin to bed precisely at eight o'clock, and also to replenish the fire occasionally, so that the room might be comfortable for Mr. C. . . . when he came from the store.

An hour passed, and none of Mrs. C. . . .'s directions had been attended to. The coals in the stove were sunk low in the ashes, and the room grew chilly. Orrin still slept on the sofa, with no covering save his ordinary clothing; and although the frequent cough from the little sleeper struck hoarsely upon the girl's ear, yet she chatted on with her fellow-servant in the kitchen. The clock pealing the hour of nine sounds upon her ear, and rouses her dormant thoughts, and hastening to the parlor she was about building a fire when her mistress entered.

What was Mrs. C. . . .'s astonishment to find her loved boy asleep, and exposed to the chilling air of the room. Sparing no time, with speedy steps she hastened to the kitchen, and finding warm water in readiness on the cook-stove, she procured a vessel, and returned to the parlor. Removing Orrin's shoes and stockings, Mrs. C. . . . plumped his feet into it; and giving a warm drink of bone-set tea in order to make him sweat, she put on his night-clothes and carried him up to his little bed. Descending to the parlor, she met her husband, who, upon being made acquainted with the facts, told Betsy they could conveniently dispense with her services, and requested her to "pack up" in the morning as soon as convenient.

To-night, their daughter Nellie is at Prof. P. . . .'s fifth annual ball — the first of the season. Nellie is not thoughtful of her health at all times — not by any means. Although a cold and blustering evening, yet she dressed in the *fashionable* style of the ball-room; and throwing a veil over her head — she dare not wear a *bon-*

net, oh, no! it would disarrange her carefully dressed hair, over which she had spent three-quarters of an hour at the mirror — she stepped into the carriage in readiness at the hall-door. Her mother thinks her education finished, and it would seem she was of the opinion that next to the head the heels were to be cultivated. And Nellie coincides with her mother that dancing is a good exercise; besides, she thinks it gives a graceful carriage to her person. How little do you reflect, dear mother, of the many vicious characters that frequent the ball-room, and who may tarnish the heart of your fair daughter.

Henry, a boy of sixteen, thought he might advantageously "pass away" a pleasant evening at a grand concert which comes off to-night. He is a great hand for music and hilarity, and patronizes most of the minstrel companies that come to the city. He is seldom at home in the evening; and although his footfall in the hall disturbs his mother's slumbers often at midnight, yet still she looks on, and says but little. His father reprimands him severely sometimes for his recklessness, and lectures him often upon absenting himself from home evenings, yet it does not get groundwork in his son's heart, and he continues in his careless course.

Mother, do you look upon all this and say nothing? Will you let these priceless moments pass by without exertion? Up, and be doing dear mother, as you regard the part your boy will play on this stage of action, ere it is too late. Throw around him the endearing influences of a *happy home* — imprint with the finger of love indelibly on his heart, that the family circle is the only place for *true enjoyment*.

We would stop here, but permit us to drop a word by way of conclusion. Kind parent, you have a home — it must be either a *happy* or an *unhappy* one. If it bears the stamp of the latter, as you value the future prosperity of your children, set yourself to bring

about a reform. If the former, you will be rewarded with a golden harvest; and if the kind Father permits your gray hairs to look upon the households of your matured children, they will surely call you "blessed."

BUFFALO, Oct. 5, 1857.

A RETROSPECTION.

BY M. A. RIPLEY.

WE were all three married within the same week. I can scarcely realize that it is ten years since, as I sit here in my study, with piles of old sermons upon the table yonder, and new ones scattered upon the desk before me,—though these same accumulations of MSS. might serve as reminders of the fact. But I feel as young—my soul feels even younger than ten years ago, for I have gained higher ideas of humanity; and with every noble thought added to my store, every noble emotion struggling in my heart, I seem to get a fresher baptism, which, although it may not flush my brow with the light of an immortal youth, as truly gives it to my spirit, as if it were perceptible upon my countenance. Yes! it is ten years ago! Out in the garden are frolicking boys who answer to my name; while in the graveyard—behind the simple church in which I strive to teach my flock the lessons I myself learn, silently, and I trust humbly, is a little grave, and at its head a stone which bears the name of our baby-girl. These things are like mile-stones upon the traveler's path, which, by telling him the number of miles he has accomplished, leads him to think of the nearness of his journey's end.

Edward, Henry, and myself, graduated from college at the same time. We had been fast friends during the course, and had entrusted our heart affairs to each other; and the consequence of it all was, that we were married the same week. And it is of the different fortunes which have

marked our paths, that I am writing. I would not have you, from the story of our intimacy, imagine that our tastes were similar in many respects. They were very dissimilar; and perhaps that is the reason we attracted each other. They were as distinct as were the inclinations which led one to the medical profession, another to the counting-room, and myself to the preacher's desk. I am not as rich as is the physician, who stands at the head of his profession in the city; my name is not as widely known, nor is it likely to be; yet I have endeavored to minister to the inner longings of the souls around me. I have no fame of which to be proud, but the children in the Sabbath school always smile to see me enter. I have no hoarded gold, as has the merchant, but I desire and search after that wisdom which is "better than gold." And to-day, I thank God that he has cast my lines in pleasant places; that, though there has been bitterness thrown into my cup, I have been enabled to drain it, and still be thankful.

Edward's father was a merchant, and he very naturally and easily adopted that calling. But I always regretted that, in doing so, he threw aside his really fine tastes, imagining that bank-books and ledgers had nothing in common with them. He was an earnest thinker, an energetic and honest man; he demanded too much in a moral way from those with whom he came in contact; he expected too much nobility of spirit, for he judged others by himself, and he was disappointed. And when he married, I imagine he was somewhat won by the beauty of the lady; and when he looked for the refined gold of a pure character, he was again disappointed—oh, how sorely! But I will copy a letter I received from him four years after his marriage:

"DEAR A. . . :—I have been thinking over old times this afternoon; our college days, when we were striving for college honors; and the calm

hours of evening, when we forgot to study, when our thoughts "dipt into the future" and we wondered what the coming years would reveal of good or ill for us; when, like war-horses, our restless spirits fairly longed for the strife, which surges about the crowds which throng the avenues of life! I can bring back and experience again

"The wild pulsation that I felt before the strife,
When I heard my days before me, and the tumult
of my life."

And I am disheartened when I *feel* that disappointment, and that only, has awaited me where I have most desired to realize my wishes. True, I have heaped up gold; and this thought but reminds me of the utter poverty which is in my soul.

"You saw my wife but once after our marriage; and it is of her I am going to write. My engagement was a sudden affair, and the term of it, though sufficiently long, was spent by her at school in a distant city. I regretted at the time, and shall ever continue to do so, that there was so little opportunity of judging of her character. It might have saved us untold misery, had we become acquainted with each other. We never were, until after our marriage. I know I loved her; I believed she loved me until she forced me to bethink otherwise; and I was willing to bear with her, for she was young, and to lead her, as I was myself striving to do, to reach a higher point of excellence.

"But her mind was undisciplined; she was unable, as well as unwilling to reason; and her fondness for dissipation had been unrestrained. I soon found, that although the world called us married, there was no possibility that we should ever be truly, spiritually wedded. I loved her; but I could look down into the depths of my soul, and see link after link severed, till finally the golden chain of affection was but a mass of dim fragments.

"I should have borne all her un-

feminine conduct; I should have hidden my bitter woe in my own breast; but the world knew better than I did, the extent of my shame. And, when having been absent a short time, I returned to my hearthstone to find it deserted by her who should have been its light and warmth, you will not wonder that my heart should be full of gloom, of despair. It is hard to drink of such a cup; to see the richest blossoms of life so blighted; but it must be borne, I must smooth my brow when the world looks on, and, if I must give way, do it in secret."

Edward still stands at his desk; still passes to and fro among the hurrying money-loving frequenters of the market; but I know his heaps of yellow gold, are dross beside the family love which blesses my home. I pity him as I think of him.

And Henry! He was handsome and talented. And the Professor's daughter, high-bred and aristocratic as she was, felt honored when she was called by his name. They were a brilliant pair. And Henry commenced a successful practice, and fortune smiled upon him. He was very luxurious in his tastes, and his home showed this—I never saw a more elegant residence. There was a lavish expenditure combined with faultless taste. The grounds were extensive, and here and there among the green shrubbery flashed fountains; here was a stainless statue, there an antique vase with its crown of flowers. Within were rare collections of pictures, coins, foreign curiosities, books, with whatever might administer to the comfort of the body. Was he entirely fortunate? Alas! the seeds of disease were sown, and already the pale face and bent form of his wife, warned him of the coming blow. The cloud was no "bigger than a man's hand." He saw that it bore within its bosom the whirlwind. Had he sown the wind? Again I quote the words I find in a letter.

"Last Sabbath, while the sun seemed dissolving into a liquid sea

which flooded all the west; while the oncoming twilight was just revealing its purple glory in the east, we gave to one who has been the guiding star of my manhood, a burial place with her fathers. The hour was chosen by her, while she calmly waited the word which would free her white spirit from its enshrouding clay; and it seemed to me most holy. While I stood by her grave, long after the others had left, I could not forbear looking back over my life, and asking the meaning of this mystery which had so clouded my home, so broken in upon my busy career. And when I left the grave, this tangled mystery was solved.

"I had striven all my life for wealth and fame; I wished them for myself; I wished them for those I loved; I was prouder in giving honor and station to my wife, than I should have been in receiving a crown from a monarch. I believe I have a natural aversion to receiving, I greatly prefer giving. And in obtaining the prizes which this world offers to its votaries, I had suffered many of the nobler qualities of the soul to become tarnished. My whole spiritual nature—my inner life was fast becoming stagnant; and this angel—Death—had troubled these waters. I trust I left that grave a more solemn man; that the diseased, spiritually as well as physically, may find a friend in me; and that what seemed to me a blight upon my life, may be but the pruning, the cutting-off of barren branches, which shall add health and beauty to the vine."

Should I not be glad when I look upon my home, bright beyond the hue of my early dreams—bright, because the young heart which gave itself to my keeping, had been blessed of God, and kept "unspotted from the world;" full of bliss because this same true heart has been kept in life! Surely, I thank God humbly, that the gifts bestowed upon me, have been household treasures; that about my hearth, cluster the graces of Love,

Faith, and Charity; that, although one of our lambs wanders beside the crystal streams of Paradise, our love goes with her, so that she seems ever near us; that our faith lifts the vail of separation, and sees her as she is borne up the glowing hills of Heaven by the Great Shepherd.

The ten years of my married life seem longer than when I began my story. I have almost lived them over again this afternoon; and to-morrow is the Sabbath, and my sermon is scarcely half-written.

ANGER—ITS EFFECTS.

ANGER is a deadly foe to human happiness. Persons under the dominion of this passion, can not be permanently happy. It is impossible in the nature of things. Being extremely sensitive, they take offense at causes the most trivial, often merely imaginary. Hence the mind is perpetually in a state of excitement and perturbation.

Anger is injurious to health. Such is the sympathy between the body and the mind, that disease, if not actually induced, is materially aggravated by those convulsions of passion to which many people are subject.

But it is in the family circle that this habit of mind is most to be deprecated. Instead of being limited to its immediate unhappy victim, its influence extends to many. Ill-tempered parents complain of the badness of their children, and wonder that, with all their efforts to train them properly, they are so unsuccessful in their discipline. The secret of their failure they have never learned, and probably few of them ever will learn. They do not understand the art of *self-government*; yet without this knowledge, they can not properly govern others. They seldom appear with a smiling or cheerful countenance, but are most of the time ill-humored and fretful, often violently angry. They note the slightest faults in their children, and

promptly endeavor to correct them; but, acting under sudden excitement and angry feeling, their labor is worse than lost. Whether reproof or the rod be resorted to, the correction is administered in anger, and without deliberation or judgment.

A single occurrence will illustrate this kind of family government. I recently spent a fortnight with a female friend and relative. A daughter was one day observed making a slight departure from the ordinary mode of preparing a certain dish for dinner.

"What's that for?" asked the mother, somewhat excited

The girl replied that she had seen it done so elsewhere, and thought it an improvement. To this the mother vehemently rejoined, saying that she knew as much about cooking as Mrs. J. . . . , or Mrs. P. . . . , and a little more than her own daughters. A conflict of angry words ensued, in the midst of which the mother's hand was raised in a threatening manner; but the blow was not inflicted, having been restrained, probably, by my presence. The scene ended in a severe reprimand, on the part of the mother, for the impertinent and abusive language of the daughter to a parent, and a rebuke to the husband and father for not taking sides with her in the contest. The latter, though acting with propriety on this occasion, was himself "subject to like passions," having a few days previously, upon a trifling provocation, struck a young son in the face, and sent him staggering and bleeding to the ground. This conduct appeared the more strange from the fact that these parents have a deep solicitude for their children, and daily pray for them; but scarcely have they returned from their retirement, before a fresh excitement is raised. Thus things go on, from day to day, without hope of amendment, either in parents or children. Were not these parents blind to the true cause of the unhappy condition of the family, they would see it to be their

first duty to struggle and pray for a conquest over their own passions. If they could acquire the power of self-control, the grand difficulty in their discipline would be removed. Without this power the condition of the family will grow worse and worse.

Most lamentable is the case of such a family. Painful is the thought, that the peace and comfort of so many households should be thus destroyed, when, by a mild and gentle, yet firm and judicious government, so different a result would be produced. If any parents, suffering the consequences of the former kind of government, doubt the efficiency of the latter, I earnestly request them to adopt and rigidly pursue the same for one month, and communicate the result through the columns of *THE HOME*. If they have not occasion to congratulate themselves and their families on a great improvement of their condition, I will confess that I overrated the power of soft words, and a kind and gentle administration.

BIANTHA.

SELF CULTURE.

IT is our business to cultivate in our minds, to rear to the utmost vigor and maturity, every sort of generous and honest feeling that belongs to our nature. To bring the dispositions that are lovely in private life into the service and conduct of the commonwealth; and as patriots, not to forget we are gentlemen. To cultivate friendships, and not to incur enmities. To model our principles to our duties and situation. To be fully persuaded that all virtue which is impracticable is spurious; and rather to run the risk of falling into faults in a course which leads us to act with effect and energy than to loiter out our days without blame and without use. He trespasses against his duty who sleeps upon his watch, as well as he that goes over to his enemy.—*Burke*.

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

BOOKS—WRITTEN AND LIVING, AND
HOW TO READ THEM.

IT is not by any means certain that those who are the greatest students of printed books are learning the best lessons that the world can offer them. Indeed, where books are studied to the neglect of those lessons of inner life that write themselves on our own hearts and those of others, they are studied with a sad waste of time, and with a loss of that knowledge which it is most important for us to know. In the study of printed books we obtain only that which some one else has learned of life and its surroundings, and if, in so doing, we turn away from the texts which Providence proffers us, from our own daily life, we are surely learning the wrong lesson. Providence has appointed that those peculiar trials and temptations—those special blessings and enjoyments in the midst of which we are severally called to live, shall teach us just the lesson which he wishes us to learn. These daily lessons therefore are the A, B, C of all other knowledge—the foundation on which we build. And as our characters are formed from the improvement or neglect of these simple lessons that so many overlook—this spelling-book in which each day is a new leaf to us, in which we learn the orthography of that language which is to us the key of all right knowledge, we can not but see that the superstructure we build thereon will be frail or firm, according to the frailty or firmness of that foundation.

If we shut our eyes to this spelling-book of life, and are blind to the little practical texts which it contains, we may read volume after volume, either of Nature's book of beauty, or of human books of art, and we shall find that, however sweetly it may sound,—flowing in measure that is very like a song, it is still all Greek to us. We may think we understand it, but we understand nothing practical: we have not learned that from it which is of value for us to know. We have dug in the gold mine with a false test, and extracted only the silver, while the gold was concealed from us. We have ap-

plied the cog of mental power to the wrong wheel, and the machinery which it was intended to move is all ajar, liable to work nothing but destruction, where it was intended to bear us safely amid the surging waters.

There are those who seem always to choose to be blind to the lessons of daily experience, and who thus make the teachings of nature and the lessons that might be learned from the experience of others, a confusion of tongues, which is as much a hindrance to the completion of their tower of knowledge as was the confusion at Babel to the efforts of the men of old.

So many people start in the world with the assumption that they are perfect—that there is nothing for them to learn in these simple lessons of practical life—holding themselves quite too infallible ever to admit that they have been in error. Other people may be sadly in the wrong, but not they—oh no! not they. The follies of the rest of the world look all the darker, because they are themselves such bright exceptions to the general rule.

We are poor students in those branches of knowledge which we suppose ourselves already to understand. Those beautiful but hard-earned texts that teach us how to live are a sealed book to those who deny their need of these lessons which they pick up out of the dust, from the path of their pilgrimage, and though they may gather to themselves any amount of far-fetched knowledge, though they may be dreamers and call themselves poets, yet the poetry that attracts them is like the music of a tin-whistle, compared with the harmony in the midst of which they live who have begun at the foundation of all knowledge, and appropriated every thing which they have obtained to the perfection of their own lives. These blind sentimentalists, who shut out from their knowledge all practical life, are forever complaining that the blind world does not understand them—would, alas, they could understand themselves. But their knowledge—their characters, are a thing about which there is no harmony, no connection,

and of course they are things which no one can understand. There is no beauty in that life which does not fit itself to those things to which it is appointed. Beauty without fitness is impossible, and the fitness of a life is shown in the manner in which it adapts itself to that which is practically useful, which obtains, and creates good.

He is the true poet who reads books, after having first obtained the key of language in the careful study of human life; he sees all things with eyes that have been anointed, and speaks of them with lips that have kissed the coals of the altar. He reads the living and the written books that are about him, intent to gather that which shall add to the completeness of his own life, and bring his mental and spiritual powers into more perfect harmony with each other. Each block which he hews carefully from the mine where his mind toils is a unique and fitting part of the temple of knowledge he is building, of which the whole points heavenward. Where the different things we read are jarring and discordant, we may be sure that we have read that which is false, or have not read it right. For all knowledge comes from God, and that which comes from God is harmonious and not discordant. The song with which the mind that has gathered such knowledge accompanies itself on its life-journey is a strong, deep symphony, and not a whine — such as the sentimentalist is accustomed to utter.

These delicate sons and daughters of genius, who think that the world is too cold for them, would not find it nearly so cold if they did not keep themselves in hot water so much that they can not bear a healthy atmosphere. They do not endeavor to make the knowledge they gain harmonize with their lives, and fret so much at the want of harmony that their spirits are always heated almost to the boiling point, and the world is a very uncomfortable place for them. And all added items of knowledge will only make them the more restless and uncomfortable, so long as they do not open their eyes to read the book of nature and of art aright, drawing from them a harmony of love and life. They ought to learn of reading in its largest sense, that which Coleridge's Ancient Mariner learned of prayer:

"He prayeth best who loveth best,
All things, both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

"A stock raiser in Fayette county, Ky., lost eight colts one season, four of them thorough breeds, and four of them common, scrub stock. He amputated the legs of all of them, and boiled off the flesh, cleaning the bones thoroughly, to learn by examination, what difference in respect to bone there was between pure blooded and common ones. On taking the bones of the thorough breeds and holding them up to the light, he noticed that they were almost transparent, as much so as white horn. He tried the same experiment with the bones of the inferior stock. They were opaque, and transmitted light no more than Buffalo horn. He then tested the bones by weight, and found the thorough bred by far the heavier, showing their superior substance and solidity. They were hard and dense as ivory. This is a singular fact."

Singular as this fact is, we think a similar difference of bone and fiber might be found between the "thorough breeds" and the "inferior stock" of all kinds of animals. And the circumstances which cause this difference are under our control. If it is so important to any to understand the physiology of a horse, is it not important to us all to understand the points that regulate human physiology? The happiness of any animal must be the more complete the finer his nature, and the more perfect his organization. And it seems a pity that we should not consider it *nearly* as well worth our while to study completeness of physical organization in a boy as in a horse.

HINTS FOR THE HEALTH.

SIMPLE REMEDIES.

Cotton wool, wet with sweet oil and pargoric, relieves the ear-ache very soon.

A good quantity of old cheese is the best thing to eat when distressed by eating too much fruit, or oppressed with any kind of food. Physicians have given it in cases of extreme danger.

Honey and milk is very good for worms;

so is strong salt water; likewise powdered sage and molasses taken freely.

For sudden attacks of quincy or croup, bathe the neck with bear's grease, and pour it down the throat. A linen rag soaked in sweet oil, butter, or lard, and sprinkled with yellow Scotch snuff, is said to have performed wonderful cures in cases of croup; it should be placed where the distress is greatest. Goose grease, or any kind of oily grease is as good as bear's oil. Equal parts of camphor, spirits of wine, and hartshorn, well mixed, and rubbed upon the throat, is said to be good for the croup.

Cotton wool and oil are the best things for a burn.

A poultice of wheat bran, or rye bran, and vinegar, very soon takes down the inflammation occasioned by a sprain. Brown paper wet, is healing to a bruise. Dipped in molasses it is said to take down inflammation.

If you happen to cut yourself slightly while cooking, bind on some fine salt; molasses is also good.

Flour boiled thoroughly in milk, so as to make quite a thick porridge, is good food in cases of dysentery. If the flour be browned over the fire before it is used it is more astringent. Astringents are safely used to check *permanent* dysentery, but it is imprudent to stop this disorder suddenly at first; it is better to take physic to remove the cause of the disease. When the bowels cease to be sore and inflamed, if the weakness still continues, these astringents are often useful. Blackberries are very astringent, whether eaten as a fruit, or in a syrup, or a tea made of the roots and leaves. Tea has the same binding qualities; green tea more so than black; therefore it is often steeped in milk, seasoned with nutmeg and loaf-sugar, and a cupful drank, to check *permanent* dysentery. Cork burnt to a charcoal, thoroughly macerated, and mixed with a little loaf sugar and nutmeg, is very efficacious in cases of dysentery and cholera morbus; if nutmeg be wanting, peppermint water may be used.—*Fugal Housewife*.

RECIPES.

GRAPES PRESERVED IN BUNCHES.—Take full clusters of grapes not fully ripe; trim the stems neatly; make a syrup of a pound

of sugar and a teacup of water for each pound of grapes; make it boiling hot and pour it over them; let them remain for a day or two; then drain off the syrup; boil it again, skim it, and pour it over; after a day or two put grapes and syrup over the fire; boil very gently until they are clear, and the syrup rich; take them up carefully; lay them on plates to become cold; boil the syrup for nearly an hour; skim it; let it now settle; put the grapes in glass jars, and pour the syrup over.

GRAPE JELLY.—Pick your grapes clean, and put them in a stone jar; place the jar in a kettle of water, and let it boil for an hour, or until the grapes begin to dissolve; turn them into a strong muslin or flannel bag, and press out all the juice; put half a pound of sugar to a pint of juice; set it over the fire in a preserving kettle, and let it boil five minutes. Pour it into bowls or glasses, and set it in the sun if convenient, or leave it unsealed for a day or two until it hardens. Cover with papers wet in brandy, or attached to the side of the bowl with the white of an egg.

TO KEEP GRAPES.—Pack them in bran, cover close from the air, and keep in a dry cool place.

ANOTHER YEAR.

OUR publishers feel encouraged by the past year's success, to add new attractions to "THE HOME" for 1858. And while its leading features will be strictly maintained, and its chief aim will continue to be to gather up such knowledge as shall add new beauty to domestic life,—opening constantly to those whose duty it is to make home happy new "loop-holes to let the sunshine in," and giving in its hints for Domestic Economy, the only real cure for the *Hard Times*. We shall not fail to improve its external appearance as rapidly as its success will admit.

The next volume will commence with a beautiful steel engraving, and these will continue to be interspersed with wood engravings through the year, each number containing either a fine steel plate, or a nicely printed, full-page wood engraving.

"My Neighbor's Step-Son," a new story by the Editress, will also be continued through the first volume of the year.